

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1896.

## A HOPELESS CASE.

SOME weeks since this journal denounced the vile art of the New York Sunday *World* and Caricaturist Outcault, in their pictures of the poor little children of New York. Soap-box wagons, hungered goats, and even beer-cans and bottles were made to figure, Sunday after Sunday, in villainous, unkind, uncalled-for and unreal art-nightmares of little ones in all stages of deformity, mean faces and general physical degeneracy. Of course the longer this vile art was practiced, the viler it grew—on the same principle that any other form of unsoundness continues to grow more and more offensive. The result was that the Outcault child-art in the *World* colored supplement for the Lord's Day began to smell in the nostrils of decency and kindness, especially as the stuff was paraded in the same sheet with the clever hits of McDougall, McCarthy, Power and Ladendorf. In response to a public sentiment against the cruel and the needless, we took occasion to denounce the whole scheme, as a foreign importation and as unworthy of the support of the American Home.

For a week or two afterward there was little of the more offensive specimens of this kind of child-art, a result evidently of mere chance or of a temporary refusal of this peculiar talent to draw any more such pictures. But the refusal was only temporary. The little children of poverty and misfortune greeted Sunday churchgoers once more, in all the pitiful "fun" of their environment made hideous by an invitation to laugh at little ones who had such a hard road before them in this world. The kindly minister said words the same day in the sacred cause of neglected children; sent his best workers to see them and perhaps soften the rough road with a pair of shoes—Outcault and the Sunday *World* colored supplement made money out of a cruel caricature of it all.

At the breakfast-table Sunday morning the lantern-jawed and hook-nosed pessimist took this child-art as a proof of his philosophy—that this world never could amount to anything while such children were allowed to exist. He did not know or care—neither did the supplement—that among these little ones is to be found a surprisingly high average of health, physical vigor, beauty and brains. The *World* must laugh.

It is clear that the artist is a hopeless case. It will be well-nigh impossible to retrace his steps. In a recent issue of the colored supplement he attempts a circus picture of well-dressed little ones in a parlor along with the Hogan's Alley goat race. It is painful to note how thoroughly at home he is in the Alley, while the intended good-nature of the parlor circus is so clumsily pictured forth that three or four of the Hogan's Alley tots are sitting in cushioned chairs and looking on with vacuous and envious stare, at the very parlor circus they are supposed to be enjoying. Surely, it is a hopeless case. Too bad.

## CONGRESSMEN AND SEEDS.

A LUDICROUS situation has grown out of the difficulties of the seed bureau until recently maintained by Uncle Sam's Department of Agriculture. Each member of the Senate and House of Representatives is entitled to fifteen thousand packages of vegetable and fourteen hundred packages of flower seed, which are put up in bundles of five packages each and delivered by the Department of Agriculture in bags as ordered, but is compelled to distribute them without assistance from the Department, which causes a great deal of discontent. Under the old plan all a Congressman had to do was to write a letter informing the Secretary of Agriculture that he would like to have packages of seeds from his allotment sent to the persons whose names appeared on a list which he inclosed, and the rest of the work was done by the seed bureau.

But that seed bureau has been abolished, and Congress, in opposition to the Secretary's recommendation and in defiance of his protests, required him to purchase the seeds. Unfortunately for their own comfort the Congressmen made no provision for means to distribute them, and the result is that most of the Senators and Representatives are now buried under an avalanche of garden seeds which they are finding it difficult to dispose of, for they are required to address every package separately and send it to the Post-Office after making the appropriate selections. The Postmaster has been obliged to appeal to Congress for extra help, as the bags of seeds are piled high in the corridors of the Post-Office building and in adjoining streets.

## THE JOINT STOCK LABOR UNION.

OFFICE OF GENERAL SECRETARY,  
FEDERATION OF LABOR.

New York, April 24, 1896.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

It is with much pleasure that I note the space and careful attention given to the consideration of questions of special interest to the working people.

Your "Joint Stock Labor Union" plan is a very good one as a proposition, but the trade unions at the present time have so many adverse circumstances to contend with that they are not in a position to make of their union a business institution of the nature proposed. The trade union simply represents a combination of working people in their respective trades, for the purpose of improving their condition through shortening the hours of labor, increasing wages, and securing greater independence and consideration from the employer; or, in other words, to improve their standard of living which alone makes it possible for further advancement. Unions of every trade are now grappling seriously with this question, and have to meet the present unfavorable state of trade and lack of employment; but it is only a matter of a short time when in the natural course of events they will be so situated as to undertake the management of co-operative industries and to take advantage of other opportunities afforded through collective effort.

The Joint Stock Labor Union plan is well worth serious attention and presents a plan which I think can be made practicable in the near future. It takes, however, much persistent agitation to make a great number of people understand the simplest ideas, and for that reason it would be well for your worthy WEEKLY to continue its interest on the subject.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY WHITE.

General Secretary.

## GENERAL GRANT IN BRONZE.

SATURDAY afternoon, April 25, witnessed the unveiling in Brooklyn, N. Y., of W. O. Partridge's bronze equestrian statue of General Grant. Governor Morton and his staff, the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, and several thousand people were present at the ceremonies.

The Union League Club of Brooklyn presented the statue to the city, and the ceremonies of the day took place in front of the club's windows in a portion of Bedford Avenue hereafter to be known as Grant Square. General Stewart L. Woodford, president of the club, presented the statue to the city. Mayor Wurster made the speech of acceptance, and General Horace Porter delivered the oration of the day. Master Ulysses S. Grant, grandson of General Grant, pulled the white string which caused the long flags that covered the statue to slip gracefully to the ground and disclose to the crowd the magnificent proportions of the statue on its broad granite pedestal.

There was a scarcity of sunlight, the air was chilly, and a few raindrops caused the women in the crowd to raise their umbrellas, but Governor Morton did not cover his head as he stood, but in hand, watching the parade from the grand stand in front of the club's building.

The neighborhood of the club and the route of the big parade were crowded with people long before two o'clock in the afternoon. Flags and bunting waved everywhere in the air, and the windows, roofs and steps of the houses, and the sidewalks, were filled with people. Streamers attached to kites fluttered far up in the sky overhead all the afternoon. From every point of vantage the camera enthusiast leveled his instrument on Governor Morton and the gold lace and trappings of

General McAlpin and his staff. A stand of enormous capacity that faced the club and the smaller if more select grand stand were crowded to the rails long before the parade started.

Among those who sat in the front inclosure of the grand stand to view the parade were, besides Governor Morton and his staff, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Miss Julia Grant, Master Ulysses S. Grant, Cornelius N. Bliss, General Stewart L. Woodford, Mayor Strong of New York, Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn, Bishop C. E. McDonnell of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Long Island, William C. Bryant, General Horace Porter, the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends and W. O. Partridge, the sculptor.

The roar of many voices far down the street announced, about 2.30 o'clock, the arrival of the Governor and his staff. A few moments later, on the arm of General Woodford and with hat in hand, he walked down the aisle of the grand stand and took his place underneath the Governor's flag, in a corner of the reserved box. Mayor Wurster stood on one side and Adjutant-General McAlpin on the other. General Woodford stood in front of him and Father Malone behind him. Between the four men the Governor was pleasantly entertained, until a renewal of the roar of voices, combined with the clatter of horses' hoofs and the blare of trumpets, announced the beginning of the parade.

For the best part of an hour the procession filed past the grand stand, the Governor meanwhile holding his hat in his hand. The various officers and standard-bearers saluted him as they passed his box.

The attention of the women present was about evenly divided between the threatening clouds, the uniforms of the officers, and the bonnets and dresses of their neighbors. When a few drops of rain fell about four o'clock hundreds of umbrellas of every shade of color appeared on the grand stand. They were not needed for a long time, however, for April, having proved that she was April, graciously thereafter made believe she was May.

The procession passed with no unusual incident. A veteran broke the ranks once and ran up to hand a card to Governor Morton, who read it, put it in his pocket and smiled. Once an officer, while saluting the Governor, entangled his sword in the plumes of his helmet, and a white feather sailed to the ground. Incidents like these were applauded, and the crowd enjoyed itself hugely. The United States sailors were the favorites, and as they passed by men in the throng nodded their heads wisely and said to their neighbors: "Those are the boys to fight. Look at them."

Chairman Benjamin F. Blair of the committee of the club which carried into effect the idea of the presentation of the statue, then stepped to the front and with bared head announced that the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends would deliver an invocation. But the crowd had become uneasy, and the minister's prayer was drowned by the noise made by the moving thousands in Grant Square. The mounted policemen who tried to keep the men back only increased the volume of sound.

General Woodford then made the speech of presentation and Mayor Wurster accepted the statue on behalf of the city. The speeches were loudly applauded. The band then played "The Star-Spangled Banner," after which General Horace Porter delivered the oration of the day. It was reserved for General Porter to hold the close attention of the crowd. Before he had been speaking five minutes he had the attention of all within the sound of his voice. He reviewed the life and achievements of General Grant in eloquent language, and then Bishop Charles E. McDonnell brought the ceremonies to a close by pronouncing the benediction.

While the band played "Auld Lang Syne" the guests entered the club house and enjoyed the Union League's hospitality.

## FEDERAL TROOPS AND MILITIA.

It is not often we have an opportunity to see the troops of the Federal Government pitted against State troops; yet that was the situation last week on Sand Island, at the mouth of the Columbia River. An officer with a detail of eighteen men took possession of the island, ejecting a company of Washington State militia placed there by Governor McGraw to protect the rights of Washington fishermen. The Federal Government interfered at the request of the Oregon authorities, who claimed that the island was a Government reserve within the Oregon State line, and, furthermore, that the militia were intimidating the Oregon fishermen and permitting the Washington fishermen to place traps in the open channel of the river contrary to the directions issued by the Government engineers.

The Oregon authorities recently asked the War Department if any objection would be made to sending a detachment of the Oregon militia to the island, which is the property of the United States Government, to expel from it the obnoxious Washington State fishermen. This the Department could not permit the Oregon Government to do, as such permission would be contrary to law, the island not being under State control. A detachment of regular troops was sent with orders to expel all persons, and it is presumed at the Department that the officer commanding made the militia leave under these instructions.



## THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

THE Centennial Committee of the Tennessee Centennial, having appointed me Chief Marshal of the exercises both military and civic, which are to be held and conducted on June 1, 1896, at the grand opening of our great Tennessee Centennial Exposition, I deem it of the first importance that the bone and sinew of the whole population of Davidson and adjoining counties shall take active part in the procession.

This can best be done by each of the several bivouacs, G.A.R. posts, orders and societies in the city and counties, and by the State and municipal authorities, with the whole body of the schools of the city, and the county schools as well. All organizations of scholastic character are included in this invitation.

It will be necessary that such of the above orders as shall desire to take part in the celebration shall, at their earliest convenience, notify me in writing, addressed to the Adjutant-General, stating name, character, number and what banners and regalia they will appear in.

At a later date—probably about May 24—the full programme of exercises will be published.

We are to have the finest band of music perhaps in the world—the Marine Band at Washington City—with many others of merit.

A large body of the United States regular troops will be on hand, together with, it is hoped, all of the Tennessee State Guards, insuring a spectacular display of splendid magnificence.

It is our ardent wish to see each civil district organize a cavalry company, enrolling as many as can be, choosing a captain and two lieutenants, with the best equipment of saddles and bridles (arms not required), who will report their organization to Adjutant-General above noted. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered if address is given, and due notice of the time and place to concentrate in the city published in the city papers, and captains notified by letter.

The capital of this great State of Tennessee stands in the midst of truly magnificent surroundings. The farms of Davidson and adjoining counties are equal to the best of any land, and a better class of independent citizens cannot be found anywhere. We call on our able-bodied youth to put their best horses in good condition, get on their best gala dress and come as one man to take part in a scene that will not again be witnessed for a hundred years to come.

We invite and expect all the counties of the State to send their representatives. We want to see three thousand of the gallant young men of the State in the column of march.

CHARLES THURMAN, Chief Marshal.

## THE CASE STATED.

THE pamphlet on the Joint Stock Labor Union is being mailed from this office to all persons sending name and address. In reply to numerous inquiries, it is stated that the following resolutions on the subject were presented, and carefully considered, at the last annual convention for 1895 of the American Federation of Labor in New York. The pamphlet goes more fully into the subject, but the case is stated in the preamble and resolutions, which are republished by request:

Whereas, Organized labor, as at present constituted, has within its control hundreds of millions of dollars, in the shape of workmen's savings throughout the United States, such savings being available for the strengthening of organized labor everywhere, instead of being, as now, exclusively diverted to the uses of so-called moneyed corporations; and

Whereas, Money, in the shape of capital stock, is the great cohesive power for all working organizations in this age and country; and

Whereas, The time has come to advance the cause of trades unionism against the growing organization and perfection of the natural growth and power of centralized capital employing large bodies of workmen; and

Whereas, There is the no less serious menace of the abolition of the wage system altogether, on the part of those who seek a revolution in methods of employment, rather than the bettering of the conditions of the same; and

Whereas, The organization of wealth under the laws of property rights is a growth of modern civilization that cannot and ought not to be checked; and

Whereas, Organized labor must obey the same law of progress, if it is to compete on terms of equality with employing capital; and

Whereas, Labor unions can best secure equality in courts of law and equity by adopting the capital stock feature; and

Whereas, Such equality will place organized labor in a position to deal with employers on a strictly business basis; therefore,

Be it Resolved, That the American Federation of Labor, in National Convention assembled in the city of New York, does hereby indorse and recommend the formation of Joint Stock Labor Unions;

That such Joint Stock Labor Unions be formed by the addition of the capital stock feature to the present existing organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor;

That, for the purpose of such organization, five dollars shall constitute one share of stock;

That voting on all business questions before such Joint Stock Labor Union shall be on a basis of one vote for each such share;

That members at present in good standing in any such union shall not be excluded from its other benefits by reason of their not being shareholders;

That a committee be appointed to secure such legislation from the Congress of the United States as will make valid the charter of all such labor corporations, giving them corporate existence with limited liability, standing in court to sue and be sued, all contracts entered into by said unions with employers to be under the jurisdiction of a special Federal Court of final resort;

That the charter for all such labor unions be confined to the functions of an employment agency at first, and as the first essential reason for their creation;

That provisional legislative expedients be afterward added, to insure the safe investment of the Union's capital stock in funds of the Government, in banking in loan associations, in colonization schemes, or in any other safe business enterprise wherein the immediate rights of union workmen are involved.

## HIGH TREASON IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE Colonial Office at London received a dispatch from Pretoria April 28 saying that the death sentences imposed upon the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Union had been commuted.

The State Attorney at Pretoria officially denied the statement that any agreement had been made in accordance with which lighter penalties would be imposed upon the leaders in the reform movement in consideration of their pleading guilty to the charges against them. All the members of the Reform Union who are under sentence for high treason or *lèse majesté* are in jail.

Dr. W. J. Leyds, Secretary of State of the South African Republic, informed Sir Jacobus A. De Wet, British Diplomatic Agent, that the death penalties imposed upon John Hays Hammond, Colonel Rhodes and others of the Johannesburg Reform Union, had been remitted, but it had not yet been decided what form of punishment would be substituted for that which had been abandoned.

In passing judgment upon the prisoners the judge said it was his painful duty to impose extreme sentences, but he hoped that the Executive would exercise the same degree of clemency toward the prisoners that he had shown at the beginning of the year.

Secretary Olney continues in telegraphic communication with the British Foreign Office with regard to securing the most favorable treatment of Hammond by the Boer authorities. This line of action is made necessary by the fact that the United States Government has no diplomatic officer near the South African Republic, its only representatives being a Consular Agent at Johannesburg and a Vice-Consul at Cape Town.

The London *Daily Telegraph* published a dispatch from Pretoria, dated April 28, saying that the accused reform leaders, without exception, received their sentences with dignity. John Hays Hammond, after being sentenced, collapsed, and was taken immediately to the jail, where he was placed under the care of a doctor and the chief jailer.

The bitterest feeling exists among a majority of the prisoners, who consider that they were badly advised in pleading guilty. Fully forty of the prisoners avow that they could have proved their innocence, except so far as joining in the movement at the last moment constituted guilt.

A number of interviews have been had with English residents at Pretoria, who were summoned as jurors, and all of them concur in the opinion that it would have been impossible for Judge Gregorowski to have imposed any other sentences upon the prisoners.

It was unfortunate, these persons thought, that all had pleaded guilty. Had the case gone to the jury, many of the latest adherents to the movement would have been acquitted. There is a strong feeling in Pretoria that many persons against whom no accusations were made were far more guilty than those who have been sentenced by the Court.

## THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

THE Paris *Le Temps* publishes a dispatch from Pretoria saying that the Government of the South African Republic intends to publish documents proving that an understanding existed between the Chartered Company and the Johannesburg Reform Committee fully four days prior to the time of Dr. Jameson's starting on his raid.

Numerous telegrams in cipher and a code for their translation were found among Dr. Jameson's personal effects, and several communications are alleged to have passed between a prominent London financier and Lionel Phillips, one of the leaders in the reform movement, in connection with the projected revolution. These show that the company had opened an account to the amount of forty thousand pounds to the credit of Colonel Rhodes, with which to pay for stores and provisions which were to be collected at Johannesburg for Jameson and his forces.

It is also alleged that Cecil Rhodes had personally instructed Jameson how best to explain the assembling of armed forces at Pitsani. The documents which it is

said to be the purpose of the Transvaal Government to publish are alleged to compromise other prominent persons.

The London *Daily Telegraph* gave prominence to the reported intention of the Government at Pretoria to publish certain documents bearing upon Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal as involving Cecil Rhodes, ex-Premier of the Cape Colony. As predicted in these columns at the beginning of the trouble, the Transvaal affair promises to be the most serious complication that has yet arisen in Old World affairs.

## CRIPPLE CREEK A PHOENIX.

A REMARKABLE instance of great virility and recuperative power in a community is that furnished by Cripple Creek in its recent misfortunes. Her post-office, national bank and more than two hundred business houses were destroyed by fire recently, but she did not lose heart. Before the fire was extinguished men were contracting with architects for new and better buildings, and all of the night following the conflagration saw builders making estimates and jobs being let.

The First National Bank, which was totally destroyed, posted notices on the smoldering ruins announcing that the bank would open up for business in another section of the city on Monday morning following. Two of Cripple Creek's three daily newspapers, which were burned out, appeared as usual the next morning with full accounts of the fire.

A conservative estimate fixes the entire loss at eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the number of people rendered homeless is placed at three thousand. The larger portion of these people walked the streets all of the night of the fire, but next day accommodations were secured in the shape of tents and frame sheds. It will not take Cripple Creek long to recover. Such a spirit as was evidenced on this occasion permits of no waste of time on vain regrets. The damage is done; the loss is accepted philosophically and all attention centered on repairing it.

## LUCKY, IF TRUE.

A NEW London paper, the *Daily Courier*, published the statement that the late Baron de Hirsch bequeathed one million pounds to the Prince of Wales. It is hardly likely that the Baron gave so much to a party who needs so little, and it is more than probable the new *Courier* is a few hundred thousand ahead of the real legacy; but if His Royal Highness gets the money he may find use for it, not very far away from the "estate" of the late Baron.

But this needs, perhaps, a few words of explanation. When the Baron, being a Hebrew, was not taken up by Austrian society, it is known that he visited England where the Prince of Wales gave him a social recognition that astonished all Europe. On the occasion of a projected tour of the Continent it was even rumored that the Prince and the Baron would go inseparably, and Court complications were feared when Austria should be reached. But the tour did not materialize.

Certain it is that the Prince of Wales was the social sponsor for Baron Hirsch. When the latter died it was given out that he held L. O. U.'s to an indefinite and fabulous amount against a certain "very high-titled personage." It may be that the million sterling is bequeathed to enable the Prince to meet these promissory notes.

## AN HISTORIC SLAB.

THE historic slab on the front of Washington's statue at the Sub-Treasury building on Wall Street, New York, has been moved inside the building. Assistant Treasurer Jordan discovered several months ago that the stone was crumbling. He communicated with Secretary Carlisle, and received instructions to remove the slab to the inside of the building when mild weather set in.

The stone will be placed in a bronze frame, under plate glass, and set up against the south wall. The slab bears the following inscription:

"Standing on this stone in the balcony of Federal Hall, April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States of America."

## FREE COINAGE.

THE Mississippi Democratic State Convention at Jackson April 29 instructed its delegates to Chicago to vote for a 16 to 1 plank in the platform and a 16 to 1 candidate for President. A resolution indorsing President Cleveland for upholding the credit of the United States without the aid of Congress was defeated. Senator Walthall was indorsed for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Senators George, Governor McLaurin, Congressman Money and R. R. Henry were selected as delegates-at-large.

## NO INTERVENTION.

THE London *Times* published a dispatch from its Rome correspondent April 30 saying he is authorized to deny absolutely the statement that Mgr. Cretoni, the Papal Nuncio at Madrid, has endeavored to induce Signor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish Prime Minister, to accept the mediation of the United States with a view to the restoration of peace in Cuba.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Former Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania is a full-fledged Presidential candidate. The Pennsylvania Democracy in its State Convention at Allentown April 29 adopted a resolution presenting him as its unanimous choice for the Presidency.

"Twice chosen Comptroller of the city of Philadelphia and twice Governor of Pennsylvania, in the face of large adverse party majorities," the resolution says, "he has demonstrated by these elections that the people trust him, and by his administration of those offices, that their confidence was well founded. Knowing him to be honest, able, unassuming, fearless, a consistent Democrat, and in harmony with the highest purposes of his party, we present him for this nomination to the Democracy of the nation."

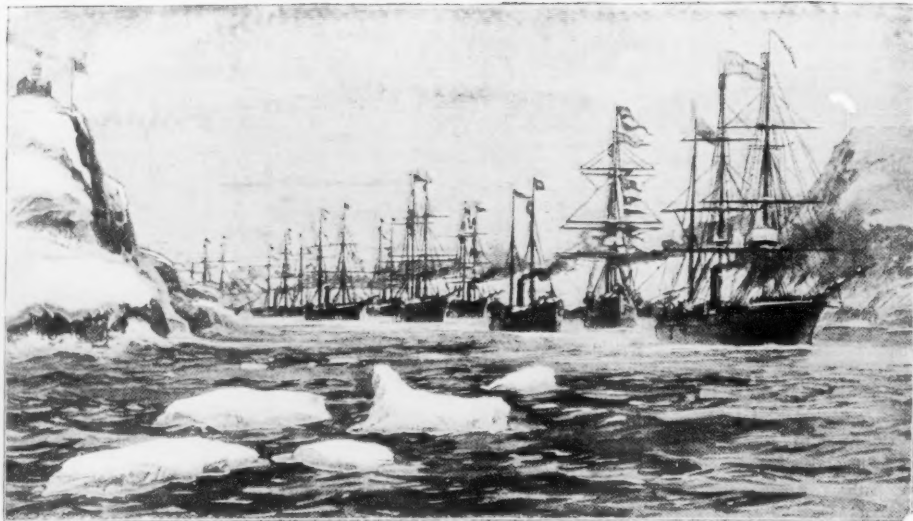
The platform demands the "repeal of all laws authorizing the issue or reissue of greenbacks and Treasury notes of doubtful constitutionality," and favors "a firm, unvarying maintenance of the gold standard." The resolution on the money question declares:

"While we favor the most liberal use of silver, consistent with the enforcement of the gold standard, we are absolutely opposed to the free coinage of silver and to the compulsory purchase of silver bullion by the Government. We believe that the interests of the people demand that the earnings of trade, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and especially the wages of labor, should be paid in money of the greatest intrinsic value and of the highest standard adopted by the civilized nations of the world."

"We are, therefore, unalterably opposed to all devices and schemes for the debasement of our currency and to all evasions and compromises of a question so closely affecting individual and national credit and honor."

National Chairman Harrity's unit rule scheme encountered some little opposition. It instructs the Pennsylvania delegation to the National Convention "to vote as a unit in all matters intrusted to their charge, said action to be determined by the vote of a majority of the delegates."

The programme of Convention proceedings mapped



THE OPENING OF THE SEAL FISHING SEASON. THE FLEET LEAVING ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

out by Mr. Harrity was carried out to the letter. His candidates for Congressmen-at-large, delegates-at-large and electors-at-large were unanimously chosen. The opposition to the unit rule was the only cloud which marred the serenity of the proceedings. This was the one subject debated on the floor of the Convention.

Mr. Harrity, who occupied a box beside the stage with State Chairman Robert E. Wright, was compelled to listen to an occasional unpleasant reference to polit-

ical bosses and mistaken leadership. His friends urged that the adoption of the unit rule was to help Pattison, but opponents offered an amendment that protected Pattison but allowed the national delegates to do as they pleased should Pattison cease to be a candidate. It was no use. Orders had gone out and the substitute was defeated.

William B. Given of Lancaster, the temporary chairman, and Dwight M. Lowery of Philadelphia, the permanent presiding officer, made brief addresses, in which campaign issues were discussed.

John M. Braden of Washington County and Benjamin C. Potts of Delaware County were nominated for Congressmen-at-large. William M. Singler of Philadelphia, George W. Guthrie, Allegheny; James Denton Hancock, Venango, and Alexander H. Coffroth, Somerset, were chosen electors-at-large. The delegates-at-large to the National Convention are William L. Harrity of Philadelphia; Robert E. Wright, Lehigh; J. Henry Cochran, Lycoming; Charles A. Fagen, Allegheny; Dr. John Todd, Montgomery; Benjamin F. Meyers, Dauphin; John S. Pilling, Erie, and John T. Lenahan, Luzerne.

Ex-Governor R. E. Pattison, who is at present in Denver, Col., when informed of the action of the Pennsylvania Convention, declined to express himself, saying, however, that he could not but feel complimented by the action of the Convention.

## ALEXANDER IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Young King Alexander of Serbia is engaged in what appears to be a hopeless task. He is searching for a wife. His father, the disreputable ex-King Milan, it is said, has proffered his services in this connection and claims that he will not only succeed in procuring a partner for his son, but will get a rich one to boot. In his opinion there is not a princess in Europe who would be able to refuse a crown, even the somewhat shaky and slightly shoddy one of Serbia, and perhaps he is right. But leaving the crown out of consideration, young Alexander is not a desirable match for any decent royal family. He is poor for a reigning prince, and still worse off for a King, and has no compensatory advantages of person or character. His Ministers, however, greatly desire to see him married and settled down, but their wishes count for little.

The story sent to some American newspaper that Milan was going to the United States to negotiate a match between his son and any heiress able to put up fifteen million dollars cash is, of course, a yarn out of the whole cloth. Old Milan is quite capable of such a deal, but even the half-civilized Serbians would rise in rebellion at the idea of the Queen's throne being put up at auction, while the ridicule and ostracism which the poor girl would meet on every hand would soon make her sick of her bargain.

If Milan succeeds in making good his boast and brings about a match he will have demonstrated that he is, at least, of some use to his family in an emergency. He is certainly not an ornament to the circle of royalties and ex-royalties now at large in Europe. He has long been a plague to his immediate relations, and young King Alexander is said to frequently deplore, publicly and privately, the fact that he has a father. The evil reputation of Milan has preceded him and threatens to seriously interfere with his matrimonial plans. Mothers of daughters seem to fear that the son will take after his father and have met the young sovereign's advances very coldly.

Then, most inopportune for the borrower, Milan asked a loan of a half-million francs to pay some pressing debts in Paris. The father and son met in Paris, and by all accounts there was a tremendous row, which must have reminded Milan of old times at Belgrade. Alexander refused to loan a cent unless his graceless parent agreed to expatriate himself in South America. So runs the story, at any rate; but it is not altogether credible. Milan cannot live long away from Paris and its dissipations and wild pleasures, and King Alexander must know that too well to have made the condition attributed to him. One thing certain is that Milan is keeping very quiet just now, which is a pretty clear sign of financial embarrassment, to put the thing politely; but he is too skilled a borrower to be short of cash any length of time. Doubtless, rather than have his father raising trouble at home, King Alexander will let him have money.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind-colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



SKETCHES OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHERE THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL WAS HELD.





BLUECOATS FROM THE NAVY YARD PASSING THE STAND.



Admiral Seard.

Col. Fred Grant.

Mayor Wurstler.

Mrs. Fred Grant.

Master U. S. Grant.

## UNVEILING OF THE GRANT MEMORIAL IN BROOKLYN, APRIL 25, 1896.

## POPE LEO'S PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

Discussion in European diplomatic circles as to the probable successor to Pope Leo XIII. is becoming interesting. It is the object of the Dreibund to secure the election of a Pope who will be favorable to the interests of the Dreibund and less inclined to democracy, as well as less friendly to France, than the present Pontiff. It is said that advices from high Catholic sources divide the probable candidates for the tiara into two groups. The first of these following the present policy of Leo XIII. includes Cardinals Svampa, Ferrari and Santi, and the second, with a policy supposed to be less politically biased and therefore more favorable to the Dreibund, is headed by Cardinal Galimberti. This group includes Cardinals Vincenzo, Serafino, Vannutelli, and the brothers Capacelatro. The two ablest members of the Sacred College, Cardinals Parrocchi and Rampolla, are not considered, for various reasons, as being eligible. The question of the Papal succession is certainly stirring the secret depths of diplomatic life.

## ANTS IN SURGERY.

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society of London a paper was read describing a curious method of utilizing insects in connection with surgery. It was stated that the Greek barber-surgeons of the Levant employed a large species of ant for the purpose of holding together the edges of an incised wound. The ant, held with a pair of forceps, opens its mandibles wide, and is brought near to the cut being treated, so that it can seize the two edges, which are held together for the

purpose. As soon as the unfortunate ant has obtained a firm grip of the cut, its head is severed from its body. Mr. Issigonis of Smyrna, who described the operation to the Linnean Society, said that he had seen natives with

pendent existence of the same custom in countries so far apart as Brazil and Asia Minor.

## THE MARQUETTE STATUE.

The statue of Pere Marquette, against the erection of which in the Capitol at Washington Congressman Linton and some others entered such a bitter protest a short time ago, was unveiled last week. The statue is a part of Wisconsin's gift to the National Hall of Statuary.

Eulogies of the priest and explorer were pronounced by the two Wisconsin Senators, Mitchell and Vilas, by Mr. Kyle of South Dakota and by Mr. Palmer of Illinois. There was no expression of opposition to the acceptance of the statue.

## McKINLEY.

The total number of delegates at the Republican National Convention in St. Louis will be 909. Of this number 367 are instructed for McKinley; 52 are doubtful, and 193 are not yet elected.

If the great protectionist chieftain can get a share of these 247 in the same ratio that he now maintains as compared with the other candidates, he will be easily nominated on the first ballot.

Here are the figures up to date, May 1. McKinley, 367; Reed, 105; Morton, 68; Quay, 52; Allison, 40; Cullom, 16; total, 648. Of these McKinley has more than half. He needs very little more than one-third of the doubtful and unselected delegates to go into the convention with a clear majority.



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

six or seven ants' heads holding together wounds in the course of healing. A similar observation was made some years ago in Brazil, which fact is interesting from an ethnological point of view, as showing the inde-



LA FOI (FAITH). AFTER THE PAINTING BY MRS. WENTWORTH. THE ONLY PAINTING BY AN AMERICAN LADY IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS, 1896.

## EARLY AMUSEMENTS IN INDIANAPOLIS.

BY ARTHUR C. WHITE,  
City Editor of Indianapolis Sentinel.

EVERY community must have its amusement—something of a character to please at the same time the high and the low, the old and the young. While Indianapolis now has four first-class theaters and any number of magnificent halls and auditoriums where entertainments of a nature more or less theatrical are given, there was a time when such was not the case.

In 1823 the capital of Indiana could boast of but a few hundred inhabitants, and a large majority of these people were hardy pioneers who had small inclination and less time to cultivate whatever longing there might have been in their breasts for entertainment. Yet there was a certain amount of that longing there and it must be catered to. One day in 1823 there came to Indianapolis and stopped at Major Carter's tavern a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who announced to the natives in an imposing manner that they were "late of the New York theater." On the night of the last day of the year 1823 the Smiths gave the first theatrical performance that had ever been attempted in the Hoosier hamlet. The dining-room of the tavern served as the theater and two plays were given—"The Doctor's Courtship," or *The Indulgent Father*, and the *Jealous Lovers*.

To see this magnificent production "three levies" were charged, meaning three "eleven pence." Bill Bagwell and his fiddle composed the orchestra on this occasion, and it required the combined diplomacy of both of the "stars" to overcome Major Carter's prejudice to the use of the fiddle. However, his scruples were finally soothed by the assurance that the fiddle was in reality a violin, a perfectly harmless instrument, and the curtain was allowed to go up after Bill Bagwell had agreed to perform on the instrument one of the Major's favorite hymns.

The first theatrical performance in Indianapolis was so much of a success that it was repeated several times, and the adventurous Mr. Smith, undoubtedly a Thespian of unusual grit, was again attracted here in June, 1824. On that occasion, however, he failed to meet with the success he deserved and perforce of circumstances was compelled to inaugurate a precedent that has been followed by theatrical "stars" in Indiana to the present day. He ran away, leaving numerous unpaid bills.

When next an attempt was made to give a theatrical entertainment in Indianapolis it was done on a much more pretentious scale. A Mr. Lindsay, who officiated as manager, got together a full company and fitted up a building expressly for the presentation of theatrical entertainments. The building thus secured was Ollaman's wagon shop on Washington Street opposite the Court House, and an attractive orchestra for that day was composed of two or three musicians. Among the dramas produced at that time were Katzebe's "Stranger," "Pizzaro," the "Loan of a Lover," "Swiss Cottage," and others of that character held the boards. During the "waits" between the first and second pieces songs were given. The "Tongo Islands," with its great mass of gibberish for a chorus, "Jinny, Git Yer Hoe-Cake Done" and other songs made famous by Jim Crow Rice may even yet be remembered by old residents with good memories for matters musical. This company of Lindsay's held the boards in the rejuvenated wagon shop about the year 1837.

Mr. Lindsay, the genial manager, returned during the winter of 1840-41 with a superior company and built a first-class house of amusement for those early days out of a one-story brick building. Among the chief attractions of the company of pioneer Thespians were Mrs. Drake and A. A. Adams, the latter on account of his irregularities failing to secure an Eastern engagement and being compelled to seek the backwoods for solace and sustenance. Neither of these two really good actors ever played better and the little theater, which would not seat over three hundred, was nearly always full. This was Mr. Lindsay's last appearance with his company in Indianapolis. Concerning Lindsay's company the following anecdote is told by Colonel W. R. Hallway in his history of Indianapolis:

"It was here that a ludicrous scene occurred 'not down in the bills.' Captain George W. Cutler, a leading Whig orator from Terre Haute, and a poet who subsequently attained a national reputation, fell in love with Mrs. Drake, who was several years his senior. She returned his love with theatrical, if not sincere, demonstrations, and the billing and cooing of the oddly mismatched lovers was the standing joke of the city during the session of the Legislature. One night in some performance, Mrs. Drake, who was affectionately watched from the wings by her widash adorer, in making a 'stage' fall made a real one, and hurt herself—or Cutler thought she did—and he rushed upon the stage, to the horrible disorder of the scene and the infinite fun of the audience, and tenderly lifting up his rather ponderous innamorata, audibly consoled with her and led her off the stage with all the touching sweetness of the honeymoon. The crowd roared, cheered the gallant captain to the echo and made fun of him for the next six weeks. He and Mrs. Drake were married that winter at Browning's Hotel. This love passage was the sensation of that season."

In 1843, according to historians of the time, "the New York company of comedians" secured Gaston's carriage shop, where the Bates house now stands, and opened a theater. This company gave a series of concerts, closing with stage performances, most of the winter.

In the winter of 1839-40 the "Indianapolis Thespian Corps" was organized—a brilliant aggregation of home talent that launched itself with the avowed purpose of turning the theatrical world upside down. This laudable desire, strange to relate, was not realized; but on the whole the young people of the village gave some very creditable performances in the histrionic line. An old foundry building, called at that time the "hay press," was secured and fitted up with stage and scenery to present Robert Dale Owen's play "Pocahontas." The leading actors in this rural stock company were James G. Jordan as Captain Smith, James McCreedy as Powhattan, William Wallace as Pocahontas, John T. Morris-

son, Davis Miller and James McVey assuming other characters. The novelty of the play made it entertaining enough to "run" for a considerable time at irregular intervals. Some years later the "Thespian Corps" was revived and produced several standard plays, with Mr. Edward S. Tyler added to the cast, with deserved success.

Along toward the close of 1842 an important event took place in local theatrical circles. It was the coming from Cincinnati of Mr. Nat C. Cook, eldest son of the State Librarian, who had for some time been playing small parts in a Queen City house of amusement. The local yokels were beside themselves with joy and a big demonstration as a particular mark of favor was at once decided upon. The town was full of rumors regarding the remarkable talents of young Mr. Cook. There was also much talk of his magnificent wardrobe, and altogether the people were in a giddy whirl of excitement. Soon the eventful night came when Home's tragedy of "Douglass" was announced with Mr. Cook as Young Norval. There was a full house when the curtain went up on the first act, and the applause was rapturous when Young Norval came on for the first time resplendent in scale armor of tin chips and wonderfully impressive in all the "rant and strut and grunt" of traditional stage propriety. But he didn't hold up. It was another case of "Casey at the bat." Shortly after this the glory of the local Thespians sputtered and went out.

From that time on there were numerous attempts on the part of stage-struck people to give notable theatrical entertainments in this city, but after consulting the various authorities charity steps in and closes the book until the year 1853 is reached. Early in that year there came to town a character calling himself "Yankee" Robinson, who located in Washington Hall for the winter with a truly wonderful aggregation of artists he had been exhibiting as a side show at the State fair. Mr. Robinson's leading "star" was Henry W. Waugh, who afterward became more or less famous under the name of "Dilly Fay" as a clown in Robinson's circus. He painted all the scenery, and it was well done. The following year he assisted Mr. Jacob Cox in painting a "temperance panorama" in the Governor's circle, which, never adequately managed, failed as a traveling exhibition, though it did fairly well at Masonic Hall. During this period the "heavy business" fell to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wilkins. Miss Susan Denin was the first star to ever make her appearance on White River, and it was an event not soon forgotten.

It was shortly after this that Maggie Mitchell made her first appearance here, coming from Chicago, and I have it upon the authority of old-timers who were in their glory then, that she did not score a startling success, neither did she give promise of ever becoming famous. However, in after years, Maggie Mitchell was many times welcomed to the city by crowded houses, and among her most ardent admirers were those who had merely looked upon her with a tolerant eye when first she played in the city.

About this time (1855) the theater ceased to be a nomad without a fixed habitation in Indianapolis, and first-class theaters for those days were built and fitted up—one, at least, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. Also a stock company was organized with substantial men behind it, and some of the best artists in the country made regular trips to Indianapolis. It is not, however, the intention of this article to deal with the period when first-class theatrical entertainments were given, but simply to trace the slow evolution of early attempts at amusement as an integral part of pioneer days. There are yet living in this city men and women, hale and hearty at an advanced age, who look back with pride on the palmy days of the "Thespian Corps."

Arthur Chaney White, the author of "Early Amusements in Indianapolis," has been city editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for several years. When he assumed that responsible position he was but twenty-three years old. His first newspaper work was done on the *Sentinel* as a reporter, and later he went to the Indianapolis *Journal* as assistant city editor. He occupied that post for a year or so and then returned to the *Sentinel* as city editor. He is now president of the Indianapolis Press Club.

The managing editor of the *Sentinel* at the present time is Mr. Charles G. Stewart, who has been connected with the paper in various capacities for nearly a quarter of a century. He is known as a successful and painstaking journalist. The Hon. Samuel E. Moss, proprietor of the paper, has been Consul-General at Paris for three years.

The *Sentinel* was established in 1822 and has always been the Democratic organ of the State. The Australian ballot law, school-book law and various reform measures were originated by the paper and successfully passed the gauntlet of the General Assembly. The *Sentinel's* daily circulation is now close to the twenty-five-thousand mark.

## HELD UP.

THE tiny but beautiful town of Searborough lay in a blaze of tropic sunshine, reflected from the purple crests of the heavily wooded hills to the snowy beach-line which, like a silver ribbon, borders the bright waters of the Caribbean Sea.

The pretty sailboat "Mermaid" rocked on the swelling waves to the musical rhythm of the incoming tide. Bright faces clustered on her deck and longing glances were cast at the rugged mountain slopes with their clustering palms crowded into sunny corners, and wedges of pines thrust upward, diminishing until the last pine stood alone on the loftiest height.

"See those bees!" said Zell Russell, suddenly, as the sunbeams shone on a stream of dusty-coated insects winging their way toward the forest.

"Suppose we strike a bee-line and get some honey," Van Terry suggested, eagerly. "Leave Fred with the boat; it won't take long."

"Beware of the revolting Caribs," was Fred Sloane's lazy injunction.

"Bosh!" cried Zell, in scorn. "I believe Skipper Rand was trying to scare us when he told us of those fellows. I'm going to have some honey, anyhow. Come along, Van."

The tender was launched and the young adventurers waved a smiling adieu to their more prudent friend. A few strokes of the oars and they had gained the beach, and were following the bees to their snug storehouse.

Van shivered a little as the dark shadows of the forest closed upon them. He cast a suspicious glance at the dense undergrowth. "Do you suppose those Caribs are hiding around here?" he asked, uneasily.

"What if they are?" demanded his friend, indifferently. "The days of Carib valor are over; besides, their quarrel is with the fruit-growers, not with us. Oh, I say! there is the tree now," and he pointed to a hollow far up in the trunk of an oak, in and out of which passed a constant stream of bees.

The curious "water-vine," peculiar to tropic countries, afforded the boys a natural ladder by which to ascend; and Zell was not long in igniting a pine knot and making a raid on the beehive.

Incensed at this intrusion, the busy workers rushed out upon him in myriads and he was stung badly before he had time to cut a loop of the water-vine, and, by deluging a bunch of dry moss, produce a smudge which soon routed them.

"Oh, oh! they are stinging me to death," shrieked Van, dancing wildly around beneath the tree.

"Get some plantain leaves and stand by to catch this honey," laughed Zell, unsympathetically, holding a large section of comb in readiness.

Van obeyed, fighting off the angry swarm as he did so. He deftly caught the honey in the large satiny leaves, and laid them carefully on the ground. When they had as much as they could carry Zell descended from his lofty perch, and the two shouldered their sweet burden and went their way.

A few stray bees continued to follow and harass them, thus taking Van's thoughts from the half-dozen rebellious Caribs who had that morning fled to the woods, and were supposed to be lurking near.

A rustle among the dry twigs and the sound as if of an army advancing toward them for a moment drove the color from the faces of both boys. They stopped short in the path and looked at each other with startled eyes. Nearer and nearer came the mysterious footsteps, and an instant later Zell gave a shout of astonishment and relief.

"An army of crabs!" he cried, laughing.

On they came, marching two abreast, their violet armor looking dusky purple in the semi-twilight of the forest. They proved to be a colony of the *Gecarcinus Ruricola* or Land Crab, indigenous to the Caribbees.

It was now near sunset, and the crab army had begun the first stage of its journey toward the sea; for land crabs love to wet their violet claws in the sparkling brine, and invariably make the pilgrimage toward nightfall. They move as though directed by a powerful instinct, marching in a straight line and swerving not a hair's-breadth from the course. Woe to anything that comes in their way! They are by no means chary of using their formidable pincers.

"They will run right over us," said Van, and took to his heels, followed by Zell. The boys easily kept the lead, and were near the opening in the woods when a new army barred their progress.

A great gray cone swung from the slender bough of a gold-tressed acacia, to the left of the path they were following; and on a sudden out rushed a swarm of Tobago hornets, their gorgeous yellow jackets bristling for a fray, as the honey tempted them to a raid.

They settled in a dense, fluttering mass on the plantain leaves from which the white palmetto honey dripped steadily, leaving a sweet trail behind. Struck with consternation, the boys paused in their headlong flight, but not before they had received several admonitory stings.

Realizing the hopelessness of an attempt to keep their hard-earned spoils, they dropped the plantains and started on; but they had gone only a few yards when an angry buzzing caused them to look back, and they became witnesses to a novel battle.

The foremost leaders of the advancing crab army had found an obstacle in their path and attacked it vigorously. They were already highly incensed by the honey with which their path was strewn, and which stuck to their mandibles and claws like glue, causing the dust to cling to them in quantities.

The bunch of hornets and plantain leaves arresting their progress was the last straw, even to crab patience. The huge, wicked-looking claws were put in vicious use, and many a gay yellow-jacket bit the dust. Two by two, the entire army tumbled over their leaders, until crabs and hornets were inextricably mixed up, and the honeycomb was crushed and trodden into fragments. The hornets buzzed loudly in angry protest, the crabs snapped their claws in a rage, while the boys with ringing laughter cheered both parties.

The conflict came to an end at last, and the crab army moved on its way. But such a looking army! The violet armor was covered all over with dust-incrusted honey and fragments of honeycomb in which countless hornets were hopelessly ensnared. After and over them surged and hovered the baffled hornets, thus unceremoniously robbed of their stolen dainties.

"There's an example of poetic justice for you," said Zell, as they once more took to their heels and hurried on in advance of the crustacean warriors.

"Those crabs will have to take a complete bath this time," laughed Van.

A brief scamper brought them, flushed and out of breath, to where the little tender rocked on the low swell, in the fading light of the sunset. They found, upon reaching the yacht, that Skipper Rand had returned and was very uneasy over their prolonged absence.

"We have been held up and robbed," cried Zell, as they scrambled on board, looking as if they had been through the wars, for one of Van's eyes was swollen shut and Zell had a lump on his left temple the size of a goose-egg.

"Give an account of yourself," said Fred, eying them coolly; and the boys proceeded to detail their adventures, to which the skipper listened in silence, smoking his pipe.

"Speaking of poetic justice," he remarked, finally, his eyes twinkling, "seems to me you lads had the worst of it after all, eh?"

"More truth than poetry in that," agreed Van, rubbing his disfigured eye ruefully.—ERROL ROBERTSON.



## TRUSTS AND THEIR EFFECT UPON LABOR.

BY HERBERT E. CLAMP

THE Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust and a few other new combines have recently been formed to help along the solution of the new order of industrial affairs. What that will be definitely, who of us can say?

That the Trust tendency of modern times is of a highly revolutionary character no one can deny. Perhaps the revolution is beginning at the top, and some easy, practical solution of the industrial problem may yet be found through these monster combinations of capital. So far as they have gone, though, Trusts have proved themselves to be outrageous inflictions upon the community. There must be some hope that they will ultimately prove a benefit to humanity, for even the Socialists take heart of grace as each new combine is formed, and over it are paving the way for what they consider the industrial paradise.

There are not a great number of points upon which the general public can stand on common ground with the artificers of their wealth—the working classes; but in taking common ground against the Trust they should be very cordial allies. The shoe pinches one in a single, the other in a double, manner. There is scarcely a line of supplies, now, in which the retail purchaser, of all grades, does not pay from ten to fifty per cent more for the actual sustenance of life and the necessary articles of wear than would be the case were the Trust not in existence.

There is the Tin Trust, the Leather Trust, the Rubber Trust, and almost every other Trust that can be thought about, down to the Glass Trust and the Biscuit Trust. These have all been brought about through the necessities of competition, their projectors avow, and yet competition had existed for a few thousand years before ever the Trust was thought about.

The fact of the matter is that the Trust was the evolution of the financier's brain. It was the stock jobber who saw in it his opportunity to make golden millions. The legitimate manufacturer, who was unwittingly drawn into it, in many cases, found himself the victim of a gold-brick swindle. He exchanged a profitable business for worthless coupons, while some one—it was not always clear just whom—became suddenly rich, and passed his own dowdy brougham at Newport, driving an English tally-ho.

The Trust system has only benefited a number of very shrewd partners in the pool, a lot of manipulators of the money and other markets of the world, who are the most precious scamps living upon the human race and their own shrewdness to-day. They are a class which should contribute liberally to the support of jails, lunatic asylums, hospitals, morgues, reform institutions and every other place where beggared and suffering humanity is sheltered at the public expense. Nor should the women's rescue missions be omitted, for poverty makes most of the unwilling sinners.

So, having shown that these avaricious rascals, who live in purple and velvet, and have white, soft hands, turned many a good manufacturer and decent employer out of his own business, and are bleeding the public to an excruciating degree in these hard-up times, let us see what they have been doing for labor. The working classes are very dear to us all, and we should never forget them while they provide for us by their strenuous and unmitigated toil, however opposed to their uplifting we may be.

An amusing gentleman, ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, O., recently remarked in defense of the newly formed Steel Trust, of which the Carnegie Steel Company is the leading spirit: "Anyhow, this 'Trust' is in the interest of labor, not against it, and the most radical opponent of capital does not object to organization when it is not inimical to labor."

The Steel Trust is, therefore, going to be run upon altogether different lines to the Leather Trust, because the first step taken by the latter organization, after forming, was the closing down of one hundred of its tanneries. This meant starvation in the homes of between five and ten thousand families. There can be no doubt that the Steel Trust means well enough, because there are some interesting monuments at Homestead of what its principal founder can do in the way of organizing for the benefit of labor.

The Tobacco Trust is another benevolent institution, run solely in the interests of the working class. Only a week or two ago several hundred poor young girls trooped out of a factory in New York which had been swallowed up by the Trust. Their places had been filled by a few other young people who were to run machines and make just as many and as good cigars as the hundreds of skilled workers had made previously. Before leaving the factory the dispossessed girls had a farewell frolic, so the papers said, to make it appear that there was no bewailing the fact that the bread and butter had been taken out of their mouths. Only let us hope that they all had decent homes to go to and were not left to the mercy of the streets. And, for whose benefit were these poor girls sacrificed?

The following statement from a leading New York daily paper will give an idea of the way in which the Tobacco Trust stock has been used to put money into the pockets of shrewd schemers and to furnish them grand opportunities for honest stealing:

"The Tobacco Trust was formed in 1890 by the consolidation of a number of cigarette factories. It ran on, paying eight per cent on its \$11,935,000 of preferred stock outstanding and twelve per cent on its \$17,900,000 of common stock. It has been one of the most vigorously manipulated stocks from the start, and the directors have shown themselves more than a match for the shrewdest Wall Street operators in rigging the market and putting up jobs on the innocent lambs who would insist upon handling the double-edged stuff.

"Both classes of the stock have been worked up and down during the past three years, and the mass of trading has been so great that the entire stock has had monthly changes of ownership, at least nominally. There is not now a stock on the list in which fictitious transactions are more common. The directors sat on the inside, had advance and private information of

every coming move, and the dice were doubly loaded when they reached the hands of the public."

The taking of testimony in the action directed against the charter of the Tobacco Trust came to an end April 24 in Newark, N. J. Final arguments will be begun on June 24.

The suit was started in November, 1893, in the name of John R. Miller & Son of Newark. The American Tobacco Company refused to supply Miller with goods because he sold cigarettes made by a firm not connected with the Trust. Then Attorney-General Stockton of New Jersey secured an order to show cause why the charter of the American Tobacco Company should not be taken from them.

The hearing of testimony lasted about fifteen days before Vice-Chancellor Reed. But before that the prosecution, which is conducted by Einstein & Levy of New York and Thomas P. McCarter of Newark, had collected over one thousand eight hundred pages of depositions.

The Trust occupied the greater part of April 24 producing evidence that it had been organized as a legitimate business enterprise and not as a Trust. James B. Duke, president of the Trust, was the most interesting witness. No one could look less like a "tobacco king" than Mr. Duke. He has a red, smooth face, with wide patches of red hair along the ears.

"What amount of stock at par of the American Tobacco Company was obtained for the total assets conveyed to the company by W. Duke, Sons & Co.?" asked W. W. Fuller, one of the attorneys of the Trust.

Mr. Duke gazed heavenward with half-closed eyes. "The amount of the stock was \$7,497,000" Mr. Duke spoke of these millions in the most commonplace manner, as if he were referring to so many bricks.

"To whom was it paid?"

"To the stockholders of W. Duke, Sons & Co.—D. M. Duke, C. W. Watts, W. Duke, B. L. Duke and J. B. Duke each one-fifth."

"What part was paid for by the real estate, machinery, patents, trademarks, etc.?"

"All of it," said Mr. Duke, in a bored tone.

"What else did you pay?"

"Read the question again," said Mr. Duke to the stenographer. Every time Mr. Duke was in doubt he made the stenographer read the question over.

"Oh, I understand," said the millionaire. "We received, that is the stockholders of W. Duke, Sons & Co., \$6,000,000 for the real estate, good will, trademarks and machinery, and \$1,500,000 for the live assets, leaf tobacco, labels and supplies. We guaranteed that these live assets would amount to \$1,500,000, but they fell short about \$500,000, and we gave our notes to make up the difference."

"Were these notes paid?"

"Yes."

"How much stock did the Kinney Tobacco Company receive?"

"Five millions. They received \$4,000,000 for real estate, machinery, good will, trademarks, etc., and \$1,000,000 for live assets."

Mr. Duke went along smoothly, easily and quietly when Mr. Fuller was examining, but Mr. Einstein's cross-examination stirred him up somewhat.

"How did it happen that the stock of the American Tobacco Company was delivered to the individual stockholders of W. Duke, Sons & Co.?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"I don't remember."

"You got \$500,000 more stock than assets and you made good with your notes, didn't you?"

"I'll explain—"

"I want you to answer my question."

"I want to give you the facts," answered Mr. Duke, impressively, with a wave of his hand. "We guaranteed that the live assets would amount to \$1,500,000. When they were inventoried they amounted to only \$997,000. We paid cash to bring the amount up to an even million and then gave our notes for the balance. We each gave our individual notes for \$100,000."

"How long were the notes to run?"

"Until they were paid. We gave \$500,000 in preferred stock as collateral and the dividends were to be withheld until the notes were paid."

"Did you pay them out of the dividends?"

"No, we paid them in cash and tobacco."

This kind of examination was continued for a time, and then other witnesses were called. They were brought on to show that the National Cigarette and Tobacco Company, which is fighting the Trust, was pressing the suit.

This short statement is enough to show what was the purpose of forming the Tobacco Trust. Men who had no souls beyond their own interest used its stock as a baseball in the Wall Street game. Instead of sitting down like honest business men to win their wealth decently they became, not ordinary gamblers, but dice-players, who threw for human hearts and homes and blood. Let us explain how this strong assertion can be justified.

Many of these Trusts were formed by a few of the largest firms in the business, first having an informal arrangement with each other as to prices. Then the little Naboth's vineyards around them in the shape of other smaller concerns in the same line of business excited their cupidity. They offered to buy the proprietors out. They were refused, and then a different course was pursued, which became finally the recognized method of the Trust formers. They forced all rivals out of business by cutting prices. Many a once prosperous small manufacturer has committed suicide through being ruined by the ruthless methods of these modern brigands. Thus their course has been like the march of other destroying conquerors, always based upon the motive of a diabolical greed.

Now we come to the question of Trust and Labor. The formation of a Trust always means the concentration of forces, the reduction of expenses and the throwing out of employment of a large number of "hands." In some industries this is more particularly noticeable than in others. In some cases the shrinkage in numbers of the employed has been enormous. Whole towns have dwindled out because the plant at that particular branch of the Trust's system was closed down entirely. The most heartrending distress has been heard of in such places. The contraction of employment has in some cases amounted to at least half the previous work-

ing force. This has left the Trust practically dictators of the wage rate. Men who know no other trade crowded each other to get employment in the factories which were left running and all were placed entirely at the mercy of the employer. When this wholesale reduction of force did not occur another method of breaking down wages was adopted. The wages were reduced, as the Trust officials gave out, to meet the slackness of trade, since competition was virtually gone. If the employees rebelled and went on strike the factory was closed down and the goods made at some other factory belonging to the Trust until the employees became penitent.

To say that a Trust could be in the interest of labor is to make a most absurd statement. It might be a possible benefit to the public by reducing prices of commodities through concentration, were the principle inherent in human nature to accept less for an article than is obtainable, which is not, and cannot be, until the millennium. If the organization of labor was as perfect or its interests as single as are those of capital the Trust might be a very useful institution. As such conditions do not and cannot prevail for a tremendous time the Trust must remain inimical to labor in an ever-increasing degree.



EDITOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

DEAR SIR—My attention was called to an article in March 26 of your paper, signed "E. V. L.," entitled "Bards of a Single Laurel," in which the writer quotes the poem "If I Should Die To-Night" as being by an unknown author. It is true a great many people have claimed this, but the author is personally well known to the people of this village.

Miss Belle E. Smith is the name of the woman who wrote not only this poem but also many others. President Brooks of Tabor College, Iowa, claimed this poem for her when she was teaching in the college, and many papers corrected the wrong impression they had conveyed by saying the author was unknown. Believing that in the interests of truth and justice you will do the same, I remain, Very sincerely,

IRENE BARBOUR.

Tabor, Ia., April 13, 1896.

The above letter sheds light on a subject that has long been a matter of controversy. As was stated in the article referred to, the poem has had and still has many claimants for its authorship—many, it is true, palpably false, but some having in their claims an element not only of possibility but even of probability; so that it has always been a difficult matter to decide. This is an unfortunate condition, especially where such an exquisite piece of composition is involved, and therefore we are pleased to be the means of shedding some light on the matter. It is an agreeable reflection, too, that—as we infer from Miss Barbour's letter—the poem is of American authorship.

The credit of Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, has been vehemently assailed by the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston in an English periodical. Mr. Blakiston endeavors to prove that Warton fabricated a number of entries in the diary of Henry Machyn, the well-known citizen of London, whose notices have been largely used to fill in details in the reign of Queen Mary and the beginning of that of Queen Elizabeth. The fact that Machyn's manuscript suffered considerably in the fire of 1731 in the Cottonian Library has served to screen the tampering with it, though it was in part detected by M. Wiesener in 1878. Mr. Blakiston now argues that Warton forged a whole series of passages in order to glorify the memory of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

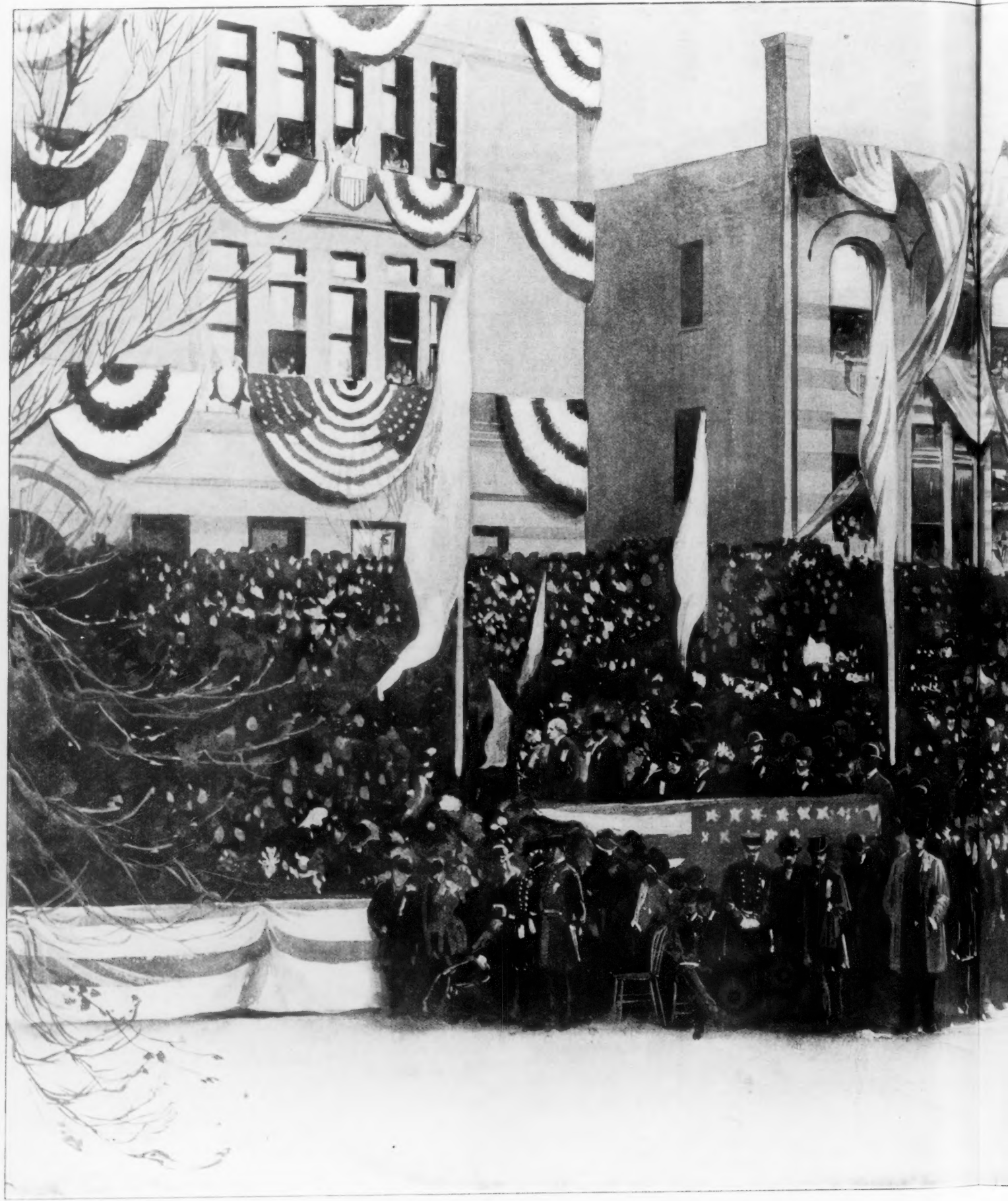
### A VIGOROUS PROTEST.

EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

The many readers of your valuable paper have no doubt found the "Routine Life at an Army Post," written over the nom de plume of "Lieutenant of the Line," very interesting; indeed, anything pertaining to the army of our country is interesting to every good citizen. But one writing should be very careful not to "write up" something he knows little or nothing of, lest he poison the minds of his readers by a false statement or his ignorance. Are we to understand that our lives and country are defended by a class of men, as the above writer would have it, ranging from the sterling youth to "criminal" whose hands may be stained by the blood of some innocent? No! such is not the case, readers. It would be appalling in the extreme to think the vast amount of energy, with thousands of dollars exercised and expended annually for selecting and recruiting men only of excellent character and physical ability, was in vain.

A word here of the army regulations governing our recruiting service. It is hardly probable that the recruiting officer is going to hazard his commission, ranging from one hundred and thirty to two hundred and ten dollars per month, to violate them. I think these regulations would satisfy the most fastidious. The applicant for enlistment is required, first to submit the names of two citizens in good standing at his "hauling point" as reference. He is then put on probation until those persons can be corresponded with as to his "character" and habits. If they are found not good, and the recruiting officer has the least doubt of his being all right, the applicant is told to go his way. But if the officer is satisfied with the character of the man—the applicant—is put through "another course of sprouts," and must be a physical model or he is rejected on this point. The "Gentleman" of the nom de plume is no doubt using the soldier's slang expression "in the army"; but he should read more and write less.

WHIT. WHITMAN.



UNVEILING OF THE GRANT STATUE, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF BROOKLYN





OF BROOKLYN, APRIL 25, 1896, BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF THAT CITY.

## CONSIDERABLE.

TO THE EDITOR: "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

YOUR scheme for the Government to colonize home-seekers upon idle land is at best but a makeshift remedy. It lacks the merits of the single tax in that it will not eliminate the landlord-land speculator. In this connection it will be pertinent to quote from Andrew Carnegie's speech, "Business," printed in the WEEKLY February 13, 1896, under the caption "A Notable Oration On a Timely Topic":

"All pure coins have their counterfeits; the counterfeit of business is speculation. A man in business always gives value for his revenue, and thus performs a useful function. His services are necessary and benefit the community; besides, he labors steadily in developing the resources of the country, and thus contributes to the advancement of the race. This is genuine coin. Speculation, on the contrary, is a parasite fastened upon the labor of business men. It creates nothing and supplies no want. When the speculator wins he takes money without rendering service, or giving value therefore. And when he loses his fellow-speculator takes the money from him. It is a pure gambling operation between them, degrading both. You can never be an honest man of business and a speculator."

The man who holds land, either vacant or occupied, for the purpose of pocketing the unearned increment is a land speculator. He creates nothing and supplies no want. This you deny. In your reply to Mr. Conroy you head your quotation from your article, "The Futility of the Single Tax," "Unearned Increment Everywhere." This is a remarkable statement for an editor to make. If the number of buildings were fixed, like the quantity of land—that is, could not be increased with the increase of population—then your contention would be true.

Mr. Collier is a book publisher, and so far as I know has accumulated considerable property in this line of business. If your contention be true, every time one of his agents has sold me a set of books I have paid him ten to fifty per cent, or perhaps sixty per cent, more than it was worth. Should his customers discover this I am of the opinion that his business will begin to decrease and finally come to naught. It will not mend matters by assuring them that it is necessary to take sixty per cent unearned increment to help them pay their taxes. I hardly think that Mr. Collier would admit that there is an unearned increment in the publishing business. Neither is there in the value of a ten-story building. To enable me to get books Mr. Collier or some one else must produce them. I would not pay him more for them than some one else would sell them to me for. Of course, if Mr. Collier has the monopoly of the book business I would have to pay him whatever prices he chose to ask. Since Mr. Collier had not the monopoly of the book business he cannot get any unearned increment. He can with increase of population make more sales and thus earn more money. The number of sales will depend largely upon the tact and skill with which he manages his business. Every sale made is a service rendered, and if he can in this way earn one million dollars, good for Mr. Collier. There is no dishonor attached thereto. The price that he gets for his books depends upon the cost of production and competition.

What is true of books is true of everything else that is a product of labor. Land being limited in quantity, the price increases with the increase of population. You are right. "Nature has not given farms to men. Man makes farms." But please note, making farms is not making land. If you had read Mr. George's books carefully you would not be under the false impression that in order to secure to man the fruits of his toil ownership of land is necessary. There is no distinction between city and urban land. City land offers a better object lesson to the average man than does urban land. For that reason I suppose vacant city lots are oftener referred to by single-taxers than vacant county land.

I am pleased that you saw fit to write "The Futility of the Single Tax." That article is bound to make many single tax converts. I shall await with much interest your return to this subject. Please, however, let me make one suggestion, before you take the subject up again re-read "Progress and Poverty." Neither would it be a bad idea to read "The Condition of Labor," by Mr. George. EDWARD ERICSON.

Elroy, Wis., April 22, 1896.

## AN APRIL FLIGHT.

THE sun is rapidly nearing the horizon as the heavy Tunis coach descends into the valley, dank with the subsiding waters of the recent flood, of which but little remains in shallow basins. The low grounds and the slopes are water-logged, as it were. The recent rains had set in motion the large amount of snow which had accumulated in the mountains, with a consequent flooding of the intervals; but the waters have fallen and the road to the station is almost dry.

Through the starlight night the car rumbles into the great city, with its incessant going to and fro, and its ceaseless murmur, so different from the calm and rest of the hillside. It is a relief to take the train again in the morning and roll westward over the iron rails. With the constantly changing panorama outside, only the inevitable drowsiness of a long journey after a rather abbreviated night can excuse one from occasional lapses from intelligent consciousness.

The Delaware Water Gap is behind us. Cheney Valley has been shown the cold shoulder, and now the labored puffing of the locomotive indicates that we are painfully climbing the great divide between the valley of the Delaware and the valley of the Susquehanna. There is but little evidence of spring. The grass—where there is any—is growing green, the osiers and the larger willows show their yellow coats, and the trees to which they are appropriate thus early have hung themselves all over with catkins, like a child ornamenting itself with ringlets of shavings. But I look in vain for the Mayflower, or even for the more modest hepatica, anemone or bloodroot.

It is fair to say that it is not an easy matter for the eye to catch sight of a tuft of arbutus from the window

of a rapidly moving express train, and I may have passed numerous specimens; but I think not. Hundreds and thousands of acres have been burned over, in many places as far as we can see, and here and there as we fly we catch sight of spreading smoke, and little tongues of flame, licking up the dry leaves and with them the upper mold and the vegetation which it carries with an appearance of fiendish delight. Great, gaunt specters of departed forests stand in lonely state among the loose stones at intervals, and almost everywhere the ground is strewn with decaying trunks of the great trees which once clothed these hillsides. What was the cause of their fall it is hardly safe to say without closer observation; whether the wind, fire or the more direct act of man through the instrumentality of the woodchopper's ax, I cannot tell. Stump and trunk alike have in most instances suffered too much from the tooth of Time to betray readily the ailment which caused the fall. Their wasting carcasses lie upon the ground upon every side, like the slaughtered after a hot engagement.

Mile after mile we pass through this desolate country. There are few living trees of any great size left standing, though rarely one, perchance a lovely evergreen, maintains his state, in solitary dignity standing sentinel over the field where the battle was lost.

Occasionally there is fresh young growth even on the broad tablelands on the summit of the Pokono, where now and then you pass a shallow expanse of water, sometimes with trees wading to their knees, but, alas! dead. There are few houses and there is little sign of cultivation. Here and there is a handsome, bushy young tree which has the bark and general character of growth of a beech, and yet is different from a beech as we know it; and now there are birches, and now a group of pines, spruces or cedars, and now poplars of some sort. And in the hollows are dense thickets of rhododendrons and kalmias, but it is long yet until their blossoming.

Beyond the valley, on another road, with a dull rumble, a line of black cars files along, an incident of the winning and the waste. For these woods have been destroyed, this country has been devastated in the process of abstracting from the bowels of the earth, and transporting to furnace and mill and home, the stores of the buried forests of primeval time; and now while these are in course of rapid reconversion into thin air, and deeper and deeper the gnomes are burrowing for them, the rainwater hurrying to the sea steadily and surely, but perhaps slowly, levels the ancient hills and bears us forward toward a ruined world, stale, flat and unprofitable.

At length we have passed the summit, and now, like a soaring bird, seem to float downward toward the coal city, where great mountains of debris indicate but slightly how the earth beneath has been honeycombed with gallery after gallery, following the ancient carboniferous veins.

We climb the hill beyond, and gladly greet signs of labor in garden and field. Here the grass is fresh and juicy in the lowlands. Broad fields are separated by long lines of stump fences—the stumps lying upon their sides and looking like a row of urchins turning hand-springs. Then comes a great valley, the hills falling away in the distance, with occasional towns and villages; and the air is tainted with the odor of wood-acid.

Leaving the main flock, we turn northward, and receive a merry party with baskets and large bunches of the Mayflower, enveloping us with its fragrance to compensate for the maledictory atmosphere through which we have lately passed. And after a while we see before us the little Lake City lying at our feet: upon the steep hillside rise the stately buildings of Cornell University, and in the distance the calm waters gradually fade away and disappear in the haze which marks the wave of heat expanding before the approaching summer.

## HATED BY THE CZAR.

## THE MAN WHO WROTE THE GREATEST WAR SENSATION OF THE CENTURY.

IN his cozy little study high up in a colossal block of flats, amid the roar of London traffic, and within a stone's throw of Charing Cross, I found Mr. William Le Queux, whose new romance, "Devil's Dice," commences in an early issue of the WEEKLY. His flat overflows with books; its walls are lined with strange maps and charts—which he uses in weaving his extraordinary romances—the originals of the illustrations of his many books, and hosts of highly interesting curios picked up on his erratic journeys across two continents.

Mr. Le Queux is nothing if not cosmopolitan. He smokes caporal cigarettes, frequents the Café Royal, and is equally well known as journalist, novelist and critic. The son of a French father and an English mother, he was educated in London and at Pegli, near Genoa. For some time after his career as an art student, he traveled in various parts of Europe, and led a life replete with strange vicissitudes. At one time he was engaged at a marble quarry near Florence, but at length he went back to Paris, where he became connected with *Gallipani's Messenger*. Returning to England, he devoted himself to journalistic work. Mr. Le Queux's first story was published in *Tinsley's Magazine* in 1885, and this was followed by numbers of others in various periodicals, both in England and America.

"And your first novel?" I asked. "Well, it came about in this way," replied Mr. Le Queux. "I have made a pretty close study of Russian politics, and especially of Nihilism, and it was while writing a series of special articles on Russian subjects for the *Times* that I came across two or three startling incidents, which suggested my first book, 'Guilty Bonds.'"

Mr. Le Queux's books dealing with Russia and Siberian horrors have excited such notice in the Czar's dominions as to secure him the distinction of a special notice from the Russian Government that he will not be permitted within its domains.

When I mentioned the ominous word "Siberia," Mr. Le Queux, utilizing the hint, pointed to the wall whereon hung a large Russian "Ikon," or holy picture, saying with sadness: "That belonged to a lady at whose

house in Warsaw I used to visit frequently. Both she and her sister were arrested by Gourko as suspects, and deported without trial to Nerchinsk, the most dreaded of the mines, where they are now dragging out the remainder of their lives."

Alluding to his other books, Mr. Le Queux, with agreeable modesty, confessed his surprise at the truly phenomenal success of his forecast, "The Great War in England in 1897." This extraordinary book is now in its twelfth edition. It created much sensation in military circles, and not only did the Commander-in-Chief write to its author in highly eulogistic terms, but Lord Roberts called upon him to personally offer his congratulations. This work has been translated into French and Italian, and has also been published both serially and in book form in America. In order to write his well-known Arab romance, "Zoraida," Mr. Le Queux visited the Great Sahara Desert at some personal risk, and of this book five large editions have been sold in England in seven months, while in America it has found an equally ready market.

"And what about 'Devil's Dice'?" I queried. "The title certainly conveys a strange application and suggestiveness. I do not wish to trespass too much upon your good-nature, but can you, without prejudice to the plot, enlighten the readers of the WEEKLY on the point? Will you, in fact, consent to 'stand and deliver' on the spot?"

"Oh, they had better read it for themselves," he answered, laughing.

"And it is in order to afford them an extra opportunity of doing this that I make the suggestion," I rejoined.

"Well," said Mr. Le Queux, accepting the situation, "the central idea occurred to me one night last summer while sitting over my *mazagran* in the pretty Casino garden at Bagnères de Luchon, in the Pyrenees. The plot was suggested by a curious incident that came under my notice, and Sybil, the heroine, I took from the chattering crowd of gay promenaders who were passing and repassing along the avenue of illuminated trees. At my hotel that night I made a few rough notes, but not until the present time have I been able to present Sybil to the public. I saw her several times at Luchon, at Bigorre, and we met amid a crowd of pilgrims before the Grotto at Lourdes. She was a mystery, always alone, always silent, always dreamy and world-weary. I have written her story—a strange story, which, I anticipate, will hold the readers of the WEEKLY entranced by its weirdness. But enough—they themselves must of course judge. All I can say is, that I consider it the best plot I have ever constructed, and I can promise those who like a strongly dramatic novel that they will be well considered."

"And as to the future?" I asked, for I well knew that Mr. Le Queux has the reputation of being one of the busiest literary men in London.

"The future?" he echoed, turning to his littered writing-table. "To me the future means two years' hard work before I can finish my present contracts. I shall publish a new Russian book in the course of a fortnight, a new Oriental romance called 'The Eye of Istar,' in August, and an African adventure book in October. In addition to these, I have three other books to write. After that—but surely that is enough of a programme for the present?"

It certainly seemed so, and as Mr. Le Queux's eyes wandered wistfully to a half-finished page of manuscript lying on his desk, I took the hint and my departure.

## A RAILROAD FOR COSTA RICA.

William A. Linn and Francis C. Hatch of New York; Fred C. Gay and Charles A. Marriner of Los Angeles, and Charles W. Franklin of Denver April 18 at the latter city incorporated the Costa Rica-Pacific Railroad Company, with a capital stock of one and a half million dollars. The company proposes to construct a railroad from the city of San Jose, Costa Rica, in a westerly direction to the Pacific Ocean.

The incorporation papers give the company the right to operate mines and manufactories, establish town sites, develop the resources of the country, besides the borrowing of money, purchase of other railroads in the vicinity, and floating bonds for the payment thereof. The headquarters is to be in Denver, with branch offices in New York City, Los Angeles, Cal., San Jose, and elsewhere.

## BOOKS FOR NEW YORK'S LIBRARY.

A valuable collection of books relating to American history and genealogy has just been secured by the Lenox Library for the New York Public Library. The addition numbers over three thousand seven hundred volumes. It was purchased from a private collector in Washington, and is the first large collection purchased by the consolidated libraries. Many of the volumes are rare and cover the history of every town of historical importance in the country. Among the States represented are: New York, 275 volumes; Massachusetts, 660; Maine, 190; New Hampshire, 180; Vermont, 32; Connecticut, 112, and miscellaneous New England, 72.

Next to that of the Historical Society of this city the collection is the most complete in the country, and when the American historical matter of the three libraries is put together it will be possible to prevent the purchase of duplicates, and may result in the exchange of those on hand for missing volumes. The file of the *London Times* from 1805 to date is in place in the Lenox Library.

## THIS WOULD BE HUMANE.

The following suggestion from the *London Spectator* seems called for under present circumstances: "Will the philanthropists permit us to make a very humble suggestion? They should send half a dozen picked surgeons to Bulawayo with antiseptic appliances. It is a great aggravation of the horrors of a war such as is raging there, in which the men who perish are not mere 'food for cannon,' but good officers or useful settlers, that there is a deficiency of conservative surgery. Everybody whose bones are broken loses a limb, and almost everybody who loses a limb dies. If Bulawayo is really besieged, half the wounded will die of hospital gangrene, and, apart from compassion, it is a pity to waste good men like that."



## PUBLIC OPINION

### WHENCE THE LAMP-POST?

THE By-Stander in the London *Graphic* indulges in some comment on that hideous piece of street furniture, the lamp-post. He says: "I have come to the conclusion that the design for the modern gas-lamp, which has been repeated to infinity ever since gas was introduced, is so hopelessly devoid of taste, so atrociously hideous that its original inventor was ashamed to acknowledge it, and that his descendants were equally disgusted with his handiwork. Latterly we have seen a few attempts at novel ideas for gas-lights and standards, but we move very slowly in these matters, and there is no reason whatever why the abominable design to which we have become accustomed should not give way to something in better taste whenever a new lamp-post is required. It is, perhaps, too much to expect in these days of universal cheapness that every lamp-post should be different, but we certainly might have a little variety. If this cannot be achieved in form it might easily be accomplished in color, and the lamp-post might be made to contribute to the decoration of our dull streets, just as the pillar-post does."

### THE DESCENT IS EASY.

London *Truth* is horrified at a recently developed tendency toward utter depravity on the part of its Scotch neighbors. We clip the following from the last issue:

"What is Scotland coming to? Sunday driving and picnicking, Sunday cycling and golfing—these and similarly frightful backslidings have long filled the devout minds of the unco' guid with anguish and dismay. Now a worse horror has happened. At their meeting last week the Glasgow Corporation resolved, though only by a narrow majority, to open the public baths for four hours on Sunday mornings! As one of the minority remarked, this will make Sundays as other days of the week. People will even be able to wash themselves. It is the heaviest blow that has yet been dealt at the sanctity of the Scottish Sabbath."

This is an appalling situation—the bath incident caps the climax. We sincerely trust the report is exaggerated.

### A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

The late Baron de Hirsch was an excellent example of what so many of our wealthy men are not—he was a practical philanthropist. Not the least remarkable factor in this singularity, for he was unique in that respect, was the fact that he accomplished his work while living. He did not wait to give his money until he had no further use for it. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says of him:

"The late Baron de Hirsch was not only a man of great benevolence, but he was also wise in the way of carrying out his magnificent charities during his own lifetime, instead of leaving them to be accomplished after his death. In other words, he demonstrated that it is not necessary for a rich man to die before beginning to let his money do good in the world."

### WHAT OF THIS?

What if a secret treaty is really being negotiated between China and Russia? And there seems to be some probability for the rumor which has lately been circulated so freely. The *San Francisco Chronicle* says:

"It is altogether likely that Li Hung Chang is, as the rumors assert, the bearer of a secret treaty between China and Russia. A man of his age and infirmities and exalted rank would not go all the way to Russia merely to witness a ceremony which could be as satisfactorily observed by any peacock-feather mandarin. His business is of state, and when it is finished the world may look for some new and stirring developments of the far Eastern question."

### TWO METHODS.

The difference between the methods of procedure in the prosecution of criminals in use here and those that prevail in England is strikingly illustrated in the cases of Mrs. Maybrick and Marie Barberi, both of which are now prominently before the public. This difference is pointed out by the *Baltimore American* in the following paragraph:

"The case of the Italian girl in New York, sentenced to death for the murder of her lover, and to whom the Court of Appeals has just granted a new trial, bears a strong apparent resemblance to that of Mrs. Maybrick, now undergoing a life sentence in England for the murder of her husband. In both cases the verdict of the jury was influenced by the strong charge of the respective judges against the prisoners—a charge, also, in each case accused of being unduly biased by personal prejudice. The cases, however, materially differ in the view they afford of the difference in the American and English law. The most powerful influences have failed to obtain a rehearing for the victim of the latter, and, though the judge in her case shortly after the trial lost his mind, neither revision for her nor fault for him was wrested from the authorities. In the former case the appeal was not only granted but the charge of the judge was severely reviewed, and a new trial was ordered on the explicit statement that the former trial had not been a fair one. Such is the contrast presented between the spirit of American and of English criminal justice."

### TO HIM WHO WAITS.

The New York *Sun* finds cause for rejoicing in the near prospect of the distribution of the World's Fair medals. A recent editorial note on the subject says:

"All things come round to him who will but wait

long enough. He may have to wait for centuries or until the Golden Year when everything is as it was; but patience is an excellent plant to cultivate, obstructed though it be sometimes by those unpleasant weeds called Job's comforters. Many cynical wagers have betted that the Columbian World's Fair medals would never be seen by any man of the nineteenth century. Mistake. Those medals are already in process of distribution. It is possible enough that many of the exhibitors to whom they were to come have died without the sight; but it is superfluous to repine. Rather is it in order to rejoice that at last the medals are visible, and that many eyes and some collections are to be made happy thereby."

### NEWSPAPERS AND LITERATURE.

The effect of the newspaper on our literature and on the reading public has become proverbial. Its influence is far from being the best, as has been often pointed out, and what the ultimate result will be few like to contemplate. Apropos of this subject *Life* comments on the strange development in the business of writing that as newspapers grow larger books grow larger.

"The newspaper habit, as has often been remarked, develops a race of readers who soon tire of long-continued attention to any one topic or train of thought. Hosts of men spend several continuous hours over a newspaper, but hardly more than five minutes are devoted to any one subject. The mind skips with agility from one topic to another, as it is natural for the American mind to skip in its daily business routine. We are alert and quick at comprehension, rather than thorough and persistent. If an American reader is bored for three minutes he is lost; there is no intellectual conscience to spur him on to the mastery of a subject that is not made both clear and entertaining."

"This journalistic habit of mind has made little books popular. The American reader would rather skim through three little books in a lazy afternoon than wade through one volume of respectable proportions. He likes contrasts of style, sentiment and emotion; he has the sense of getting the most for the least expenditure of effort in this manner. It is not a question of aggregate time spent in reading; we believe that more people read more hours now than ever before. Indeed a very fair argument could be made to prove that reading is a national vice."

"But the American of to-day must get a certain number of vivid emotions in a given time from his reading or he feels that he has been defrauded."

### CABBY AND HIS TIP.

The Liberty Dawn Association, the representative organization of New York cabmen, in solemn conclave assembled last week, discussed at considerable length and with much warmth of controversy the weighty question whether or not the cabbies should accept tips from patrons. The meeting voted almost unanimously in favor of the practice. Commenting on this action, and incidentally on the practice of tipping, the *New York Times* says:

"In deciding that they would continue to receive 'tips' from their patrons, of course the cabmen of this city really decided that they would continue to extort blackmail. Americans, as such, never give tips to anybody whomsoever; some of them, to be sure, weakly purchase by this means services for which they have already paid, but that is an entirely different thing from giving. Of all evil customs that have been imported from abroad, the 'tipping' custom is the most despicable, for to a very appreciable extent it degrades and demoralizes both parties to the transaction. One of them it changes from an honest workman, with the right to respect himself and to claim respect from his fellow-men, into a sturdy beggar, servile or insolent according as he gets or does not get the expected gratuity; the other it changes from a just employer into a capricious and unwilling benefactor, despising both the labor and the laborer his pseudo-charity thus secures. So widely has this infection spread among what, thanks to it alone, one has an excuse for calling the lower classes, that there is now probably no hope of ever getting rid of it; but in cases like that of the cabmen, where it is openly defended, a word of open protest may not be out of place."

### WILL THEY BE HANGED?

The pleading guilty to the charge of treason and the sentence in Johannesburg of John Hays Hammond and his four associates have caused a deal of commotion both here and in England, and it is likely that serious trouble may result if the sentence is carried out. The *New York Journal* says of it:

"Despite the stubbornness and the dogged self-reliance of the Boers, it is wholly improbable that these sentences will be executed. Only conjecture, of course, can be applied to elucidation of the situation; but it seems safe to infer that the indicted men, knowing they had behind them a practically united public sentiment in their favor in the United States and England, would not have confessed guilt except upon a clear understanding of practical immunity from punishment. In all probability the court has planned to defend the dignity and the sovereignty of the Transvaal by ordering the extreme penalty for these men, despite their social and political standing. It will now be the part of President Krueger to show that a Republic can be both just and merciful by commuting the sentences to brief imprisonment or banishment from the Transvaal."

### KANGAROO HUNTING.

In Australia where the kangaroo abounds, he plays much the same part as the fox does in this country and England at certain seasons of the year. He is hunted in much the same fashion. Being a grass-eater, he is looked upon as a common enemy and so treated. The male, or the Old Man as he is usually called, is on account of his size and greater agility and endurance usually selected for the sport, the pack consisting of deerhounds and greyhounds. The Old Man is very fast on even ground, but going downhill his leaps often measure as much as thirty yards—it is more flying than jumping. As he is unable to maintain this prodigious rate long, and his speed soon slackens. When overtaken he places himself against a tree, where he stands

at bay poised on his hindlegs and tail, his forelegs stretched out ready to meet his foes. Standing thus his height is between six and seven feet. The hounds hold aloof, for with one stroke downward with his powerful hindlegs he would rip one of them open. As he stands at bay, one of the party will take off a stirrup, and in riding past him strike him on the head with it; he is seldom finished with the bullet.

Sometimes the chase is brought to a standstill by a gully or a creek, which the pursued animal jumps, and the party not being able to follow, is obliged to remain on the other side. Such a scene our drawing represents.



### THE SHAKESPEARE ANNIVERSARY.

ENGLAND has been celebrating the birthday anniversary of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. But this year the event was signalized by an important revival of the great dramatist's works, the booking of seats for which was phenomenally large. No tickets were issued until the seats had been balloted for, and, to enable the disappointed to witness the leading attraction of the week, "Richard II.," an additional matinee performance of it was given. For this play, which was produced for the first time in nearly forty years, new scenery has been painted, new costumes and "properties" prepared on a very liberal scale. The company is Mr. Benson's, and in addition to the above revival he will produce "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

"Richard II." is a play with a very remarkable history; political riots and tragedies, and the craft of partisan politicians have been connected with it in sundry very stirring ways, both in Shakespeare's time and in the last century. Nor is its histrionic record wanting in interest, for in it many of the greatest tragedians distinguished themselves. Many will recall Charles Kean's revival of this splendid historic drama at the Princess's Theater as one of the most gorgeous and picturesque stage spectacles of that time. Not the least interesting of its recorded facts is that which tells us that its numerous new and altered versions or adaptations have all been failures, and its greatest successes have been those in which it has been placed before the play-going public as Shakespeare wrote it.

There were many distinguished visitors present, including several Americans, one of whom was Ambassador Bayard. He not only witnessed the grand revival, but presided at a public luncheon, and unveiled the new church window subscribed for in America, and painted to represent the Saviour in His mother's arms receiving the worshiping Magi, together with St. Edwin, Bishop of Worcester, Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, to which group of portraits will be added that of Bishop Seabury. At the Picture Gallery Mr. Bayard unveiled a new painting, also the gift of America, a portrait of Edwin Booth.

Despite these special features, however, the main attraction for the pilgrims was found in those places and objects which are directly associated with the poet's personality. The birth-room, in what was even in John Shakespeare's time an ancient grange; the old baptismal font in the church, which rested ignominiously for many years in the refuse of a stonemason's yard; all that's left of New Place, where the poet's last years of retirement were passed and where he died; the parish church where, in a place of highest honor, his mortal remains were placed; the farmhouse from which he took a wife, if the tradition be true; and a village which is smallest among the small, and associated with a certain crab-tree, under which a quaint old last-century slander says the poet slept away the effects of a drunken bout from Saturday night until Monday morning.

### THE SEAL FISHING SEASON.

We present this week a sketch of the sealing fleet leaving St. John's, Newfoundland. Ever since the "close" season was established there is an hour, fixed legally, every year on which the fleet may leave. This year it was 2 P.M. on March 19. Twenty-two steamers were employed in the voyage, including the "Esquimaux" and "Terra Nova" vessels which came from Dundee, but were fitted out and manned in St. John's, and one from Halifax, Nova Scotia. These steamers were joined by some seventy or eighty smaller craft, but none of the latter came from St. John's.

A good seal fishing season is now badly wanted, as in consequence of the fire, and the bank and other consequent failures, there has been much distress in the island. The species of seal caught by the Newfoundlanders are the harp or saddle-back, and the hood or bladder-nose. The seal fisheries are divided into hair seal fisheries and fur seal fisheries. The principal seats of the hair seal fisheries are Newfoundland, Jan Mayen and the Caspian Sea, but nearly half the total number of seals is taken on the Newfoundland coast. The season lasts until about the middle of May. Each vessel carries a number of sealing punts for carrying the seals when the ice is open, the larger ones carrying as many as from thirty to fifty. These punts are kept on the decks of the steamers, lying upside down and have a very odd appearance.

### MR. KNAPP SURRENDERED.

The State Department at Washington has been informed by cable from Constantinople that the Rev. Mr. Knapp, the American missionary held by the Turks for alleged complicity in Armenian plots at Bitlis, has been delivered by the Turkish authorities to the American consular agent at Alexandretta.

Mr. Knapp will be sent to Constantinople, and will remain there, technically in the custody of the United States Legation, until the return of Minister Terrell from this country. Mr. Terrell will give the charges consideration, and take action accordingly.



W. CLARKE



W. CLARKE



WILLIAM CLARKE



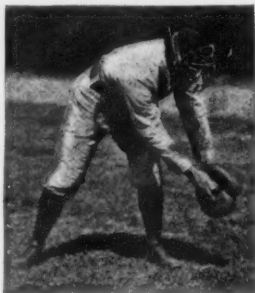
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## THE NATIONAL GAME.

The second week of the baseball season closed April 29, the New York Club sharing last place with Louisville, and Pittsburg in first place, with Philadelphia a good second. The Eastern clubs started on their first Western tour, and will be back in time for the large Memorial Day attendance.

The Rusie affair is still hanging fire, with little prospect of a speedy settlement between the great Hoosier pitcher and the New York magnate. At this writing there are two rumors, one that Baltimore is trying to secure Rusie, the other that President Young of the National League is about to exert his influence to bring about an amicable arrangement for Rusie with the New York management. Meanwhile all sorts of desperate promises are made for the New York players away from home—promises that are trying to land them somewhere higher up than where they are now.

Pitcher Clarke of New York showed his matchless nerve once more in a game with Boston at the Polo Grounds in this city, April 25. With all the discouragement that seven fielding errors can bring to a pitcher the score was 7 to 4 against the New Yorks. Practically, only Van Haltren and Davis did any batting for the home team. All of the seven errors were costly; only three of the Boston's seven runs being earned; while the Giants' batting earned only one of their three runs.

When the much-promised batting streak begins to tinge the baseball horizon for the New Yorks, Clarke will certainly be heard from. From actual observation on the spot, those who take the trouble to stand behind the home plate may easily see that the curves, drops and shoots of Clarke are one to two wrinkles more tortuous than those of any other pitcher who performs in the national game. Meekin, New York's other Class A pitcher, cannot stay long second to any other man in the business; and as a batsman he occasionally does remarkably cool execution at a critical time. Then the New York Club has at least two reliable and surely coming young pitchers. So that, on the whole, baseball in the metropolis is quite safe for 1896.

## SIR JOHN MILLAIS IS ILL.

It is feared that Sir John Millais will not long continue to enjoy the honor which was recently conferred on him by his election to succeed the late Lord Leighton as president of the Royal Academy. The disease which has for some time past affected him has been pronounced by his physicians to be cancer of the throat, and they say that his condition is hopeless. The annual dinner of the Royal Academy was this year abandoned, and after his election Sir John Millais was unable to make a speech. It was only the other day, however, that the real nature of the disease became known, and it is said that he may live only for a short time, or, on the other hand, last for a year. The patient is aware of his own condition.

On February 20 Sir John Millais was unanimously elected to fill the presidency of the Royal Academy, which had been left vacant by the death of Lord Leighton. He was born in 1829 at Southampton, and for many years his family had held a place among the lesser



KANGAROO HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

landlords in the island of Jersey. He began to study art when he was nine years old in Mr. Sass's academy, and when he was eleven became a pupil of the Royal Academy, where he won a first prize in drawing. He exhibited first at the Academy in 1846 with his "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," and this was followed by "Dunstan's Emissaries Seizing Queen Elgiva," and a large cartoon exhibited at the Westminster competition.

While still a student Millais had rebelled against many of the conventional formulas of the academic methods, and, influenced by the spirit of early Italian art, he, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Holman Hunt, founded the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which later included a number of other well-known painters and had a powerful effect on English art of the century. Afterward Millais clung less tenaciously to the principles of this school than other members of the guild, who issued in 1850 a periodical called the *Germ; or, Art and Poetry*, which had only a short existence. John Ruskin was one effective advocate of

the new movement, and in 1851 began to support it liberally in his lectures and writings. Millais' "Our Saviour," "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "The Woodman's Daughter," "The Huguenots" and "Ophelia" were the pictures which showed most strongly the influence of this period in his career. In 1853 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and ten years later was made a member.

Sir John Millais has of late years devoted himself largely to portrait painting. One of his more recent pictures was a portrait of Lord Rosebery's daughter. In 1894 he exhibited a portrait of "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and His Grandson," and in 1893 he showed a portrait of John Hare. In 1878 he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and in 1881 was appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. A year later he was elected a foreign associate of the Beaux Arts. In 1885, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, he was made a baronet. He married the divorced wife of John Ruskin.



THE WOUNDED DEER.

## "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

BY J. C. EDDINGFIELD.

So many periodicals are issued from the press—

The daily, weekly, monthly, and many more, I "guess"—

That one is at a loss to know just what he ought to read;

You cannot have a healthy brain without the proper "feed."

Then let us be so careful when money we expend

To get a periodical that is a worthy friend—

A friend that will instruct us and give us all the news,

And, in our darkest hours, will drive away the "blues."

Dear reader, let me tell you—I know of one that will

In every way, on every day, exactly "fill the bill";

Its pictures are the finest, and the brightest gems of thought

Are found in every column; but "trash," you find it not.

It is very entertaining, and for real strength and worth

You ne'er can find another, like this, in all the earth.

Its name is COLLIER'S WEEKLY, your homes it must enhance;

The terms, three dollars, even, if you send it "in advance."

New Ross, Ind., Feb. 26, 1896.

## DOWN THE FLUME.

BY LIEUT. HERMAN HALL.

THE snow lay deep in the *Coeur d'Alene*; yes, more than that, the mining camps were "snowed in." I had not been long in the camp, and it was all new to me; so I naturally tied to Governor Bill, foreman of the Last Chance, during the exciting days of the great snowstorm. The miners gave him that name because he had gone to college with a Governor of one of our Eastern States. He was educated for the bar, but drink made him a miner; and, now that he was reformed, the company made him a foreman. When the storm commenced the mills were all shut down, and the water which furnished the power was turned from the various flumes.

The day following the one of the heaviest snowfall it was reported at the lower end of the gulch that an immense snowslide had occurred during the night at the upper end. I procured a pair of snowshoes and hurried to the scene. The manager and Bill were superintending the working of scores of miners—in fact all the available men.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I inquired. "The men at the upper mill are buried in this mountain of snow," he answered. "What! How many?" "Four. You see, the miners at the boarding-house there below escaped; but those who slept in the loft of the mill at the head of the gulch had no chance to leave."

Those who have visited the *Coeur d'Alene* will recall how steep the buttes rise from the narrow gulches; at places you can scarcely scale them, and even the hardy pines can barely gain a footing.

The wind was now blowing in gusts, carrying clouds of snow from the buttes above, swirling down the slopes, eddying through the gulches and banking the white powder at the very feet of the miners. Shovels were powerless, but the men worked on in the firm belief that they would reach their comrades. But no one knew whether the old building had stood the strain and that the poor fellows were alive.

"It's no go, Mr. Braden," Bill despondently said. "There is no telling how long the storm will keep up, and even if it soon subsides, it will be days before we can reach them; moreover, they cannot live long in that small building without air."

"I fear you are right, Bill; but it is all we can do," slowly replied the manager.

There was a momentary lull in the storm, when the Governor remarked, with an anxious face: "Look at the streak down the butte; that must have been the path of the slide."

"Yes, it originated on the smooth flume—a blinding rush of snow from over the mountains shut out the view—the wind keeps the flume bare near the top of the slope," added the manager, after we had shifted our positions, for the snow was drifting about us.

All day long the men toiled, and all

that night reliefs were working, but progress in the shaft was slow, as the snow continually caved in or was carried in by the wind. During the following day and night there was no let up in the work. To me affairs looked more hopeful, for the storm had spent its fury and was now subsiding. That night I asked Bill how deep he thought the snow was where the men were working.

"It's a hundred feet if an inch," he replied, "and we have not made more than forty. Thirty more feet should bring us to the roof; but, you see, it becomes harder the deeper we get."

Evidently Bill did not take as hopeful a view of affairs. I had moved my bunk to the office building, and early the following morning I was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. It was the Governor; he looked very determined and hurriedly said that he had planned a scheme, a side issue, during the night and wanted me to join him. Bill had not slept or eaten much since the slide, so worried had he been and anxious to rescue the buried men. He had several hundred feet of small, strong rope with him, and after a hurried breakfast at the officers' mess five of us set out on snowshoes.

"Which way, Bill?"

"To the flume," was all he said.

I did not urge him; it only irritates a strong man to ask him to disclose his plans in time of action. I decided to follow and await developments.

The ascent of the precipitous butte in the gray of morning was no easy task; but by taking a somewhat circuitous route, which followed a "hog-back," we avoided the steeper slope and before long reached the exposed portion of the wooden flume.

"And now," said Bill, "we'll move down as far as we can along the flume."

We did so, and after traveling a short distance below the point where the snow first covered the planking, we dug several feet and cleared the boards.

The scheme had gradually unfolded itself to me; I saw it all now. Bill was going to have himself lowered down the flume and, if possible, through the twenty-four-inch metallic conduit, which prolonged the flume at a short distance from the mill. Then he would trust to luck at getting through the turbine and into the building. And this was the man who, during the tumultuous troubles of a preceding summer, had stood loyal to the company, and with a few brave men had kept these same miners at the lower end of the gulch away from the company's works. Here he was now straining mind and body to rescue them.

An ax opened the passageway and revealed a dark space of about two feet by four feet in dimensions. Bill fastened the rope under his arms and lashed his revolver to the inner side of his right leg. "It will be a close fit in the conduit," said he, "but I will need the pistol to alarm the men, should I get to the mill. When the rope is pulled haul away, and I hope each time you will have a heavy load."

We lowered away, and he disappeared. I felt peculiarly uneasy at seeing the generous fellow leave, though the scheme seemed so feasible that I could not see any danger involved. "If the flume is broken we will haul him back," I reasoned. I knew he could not use his arms to signal while in the conduit, and I decided to haul away if none came within a reasonable time. The men at work below had suspended operations and stood gazing up at us in wonderment.

On arriving at our elevated position overlooking the gulch I had noticed a decided change in the weather. A "chinook" was blowing—those south-westerly winds which temper the climate of the West, changing within a few hours winter into spring, snow into water. Instead of the blinding snow of the day before, a drizzling rain at first set in, and within an hour had greatly increased in quantity. Surely those soft, gentle winds that bring life to freezing men and beasts as far east as the Bad Lands never bring destruction in their paths.

"This will pack and settle the snow," remarked one of the miners.

We did not then know what effect that would have on the flume. This sluice, which furnished water-power for the mill, did not descend in a direct line, but took a diagonal course across the slope.

Bill reached the turbine safely, but had no room to spare in the conduit; he told the men below that he felt very peculiar while making this part of the descent, fearful that by some chance he might be fastened there.

On reaching the turbine he fired a shot; but no reply of any kind was made. Then he fired two in succession, and soon the joyful answer, in the shape of hammering on the metallic pipe, greeted his ears. The men, poor fellows, thought the first shot was a breaking timber and listened to it grimly. They had braced the building as well as they could, and were awaiting their fate. When the two reports sounded they felt sure it was a signal, and "Emma" Joe (he last worked

at the Emma mine) said: "Rouse up, boys, here is rescue sure."

At first, they afterward told me, it had not occurred to them that any one came down through the conduit; they thought a shaft had been sunk and that the first object encountered was the conduit. They ran to it and hammered—a dull reply, and there was no mistake as from whence it came. Bill could only kick with his boot.

Weak and exhausted they worked with desperate eagerness and after some time removed the turbine. Down dropped Bill among them.

"Thank God, it's Governor Bill!" said Emma Joe. And then these rough, reckless men sobbed with joy.

"What's that, Bill?" Joe inquired.

"It's the snow settling; there is a 'chinook' above. Come, hurry, you fellows, and we will leave this place."

The first man to go, attached the rope, pulled at it and was hauled upward.

And the snow continued to settle! Then two more were rescued and the rope returned.

"Go ahead, Bill."

"No, you, Joe; hurry."

"Why, old man, so anxious?"

"Just because the fellows above want to see you, Joe," he almost pleaded. Joe afterward said that Bill looked pale at this time and assumed indifference.

"The heavy snow might crush the flume, Bill."

"It won't crush it."

"Well, then here goes. Good-by."

When Bill replied Joe said that he smiled like a woman.

Joe barely passed the point where the wooden flume was united to the conduit. The normal strain was separating them, the angle between them was becoming sharper and sharper, but he bent his body and thus passed through. Then with a horrible feeling he thought of Bill. "And this is why he hurried us," he groaned.

This was the reason. Bill noticed the break when he descended; and he knew what the creaking sounds from the conduit meant; but he never told the others. When Joe reached the surface he barely whispered: "Hurry and lower the rope."

Too late!

The weight at the rope's end lodged. Joe knew where.

And then the miners dug with frenzy, for Bill was the pride of the camp. When the shaft, sunk through the snow, reached the mill it was crushed. The strain upon it due to the watered snow had been too great. Governor Bill's body was found revolver in hand, and this told a story. Two days later there was as impressive a funeral at the Last Chance camp as was ever seen on the frontier. They buried him, not in wormy earth, but deep in the fragmentary rock of a played-out slope of the mine.

They will tell you now among the *Coeur d'Alene* Mountains of the Governor-hero of the *Coeur d'Alene*, "heart of breath."

## THE OLD-TIME WHIPPING-POST.

SCENES IN THE NEW CASTLE JAIL IN DELAWARE WHERE PRISONERS ARE PUBLICLY WHIPPED EVERY SATURDAY—HOW THE WHIPPING-POST KEEPS THE JAIL EMPTY.

THERE was a time when the whipping-post had a reputation in this country as the unbending dispenser of justice; but discredit has fallen upon it in modern days, and only those guilty of petty offenses are publicly whipped. The agitation a few years ago to introduce this mode of punishment in New York State met with little general approval, but in the little State of Delaware it still stands as a stern warning against the commission of small crimes. Every Saturday there is a morbidly curious crowd assembled in the old New Castle Jail, where the pillory is erected and where those guilty of small crimes are punished.

It is a curious custom, however, that has always been in vogue in Delaware, and as a result of it the prisons are not overcrowded with criminals sent up for ten to thirty days. It might be a wholesome change for New York City to inaugurate the whipping-post, as it would save the city many thousands of dollars, and prevent the commission of petty crimes that now fill the police court calendars. The whipping-post saves the little State of Delaware thousands of dollars, and in the opinion of judges it keeps down crime. The average criminal prefers to go to jail for a month than to be flogged publicly in the jail yard.

It was a pleasant Saturday when the writer visited the New Castle Jail to get some information about this ancient institution. The jail yard is not a large one, and the pillory is erected in a conspicuous place where every one can see the prisoner. The yard is inclosed by a

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tall fence which effectually shuts out the sight from the streets. The prisoners are sent to the jail during the week with a written order to give them so many lashes on the following Saturday, and unless the Governor grants a stay the punishment is carried out to the letter. The pillory is a simple, old-fashioned relic of colonial days. The prisoner's feet and hands are securely clasped by the wooden shutters which hold him in one position for an hour or two at a time, while curious visitors can walk around him and watch his sufferings. The position is not particularly painful at first, but if you ever tried to stand stock still in a certain attitude for an hour a faint idea may be gained of what the feeling is.

"When you first go up the steps to the pillory the sentence seems a light one," explained one who had stood two hours in the pillory for a small crime; "but after you have been there ten minutes you change your mind. Your arms and legs begin to get cramped and strained, and you would feel much better if you could change your position. In twenty minutes pains begin to shoot up the legs and arms, and the blood seems to cease to circulate. In half an hour it seems unbearable. The perspiration begins to break out upon your forehead, although you are standing stock still and doing nothing. In forty minutes the bones of the whole body ache as if you had rheumatism all over you; your body seems to be paralyzed, and every nerve shakes and trembles. The pain and suffering becomes intense during the next fifteen minutes, and when finally released your limbs are so numb that you stagger like a drunken man. I've seen some strong fellows who did not mind the pillory very much, but others become so weak and helpless at the end of an hour that they fall down helpless when taken out. Sometimes the sentence is cut short when the prisoners faint in the pillory, for their whole body drags upon their wrists and ankles in such a way as to strain them. But if you ever stood two hours in the pillory you may talk about suffering. The second hour seems like a year. Every minute drags out to such a length that you wish that something would happen to end the suffering. I'm a strong, powerful man, and I have been through a good deal of rough experience, but the pillory beats them all. When I want to commit larceny again I shall leave Delaware, and go to some State where they send you to prison."

But, after all, the flogging is the strangest part of the punishment. This savors of Russian brutality, and reminds one of the horrible stories of flogging in Siberian prisons. One should not, however, confound the two, for the whipping-post as used in the colonies was never considered brutal or inhuman. The punishment is, it is true, a severe one; but probably not greater than the criminals deserve. The number of lashes each prisoner is to receive is prescribed by law, and the judge decides upon the sentence he considers necessary for each case. From five to twenty lashes are the usual number for ordinary larceny cases.

The whipping is administered by the jailer with a cat-o-nine-tails. The lashes are of good strong leather, fixed in a short, thick stock, and every lash is made to do its work promptly and effectually. They are not knotted with lead or metal of any kind, as in the Siberian prisons; but just the same they cut into the flesh and raise the skin. The administrator of justice strikes the prisoner on his exposed back with this whip with





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considerable force, delivering the blows slowly and regularly. The prisoner is tied to the whipping-post so that he can neither move around nor draw back from the lashes. When twenty lashes have been administered the prisoner's back is as tender and sensitive as a raw sore, and it may be weeks before it will heal up so that he can endure the pressure of a sympathetic hand on it. The negroes are the toughest prisoners, and they can stand a good deal of lashing before the blood begins to flow.

"Yes, I have been lashed, as well as made to stand two hours in the pillory," replied the former ex-prisoner, "and of the two punishments I think I prefer the former. The whipping is all over with in a few minutes, but you stand in the pillory at least for an hour at a time, and probably longer. The great drawback about the whipping, however, is that you carry the marks with you so long. My back was raw and painful for two weeks after I was lashed, and I believe some of the scars are left there to-day. When the man strikes the first blow with the whip the pain is excruciating. It makes you jump and scream in spite of your self-control. The lashes seem like so many stinging serpents writhing all over you. When the second blow is delivered the agony is increased tenfold. The flesh quivers and jumps, and your limbs tremble. Now in an ordinary fight with another man you are so excited that a few blows across the face with a whip are not felt nearly so much as the lash in the jailer's hand when you are quiet and nervous, expecting to be hurt. The only thing I can liken the pain to is a blow from the whip in the hands of a Southern cowboy, or 'cracker.' Those fellows have long lashes with which they can snap off the flesh just as easily as if you cut it out with a sharp knife. I once saw a duel between two of them, and it was the bloodiest fight I ever witnessed. They were armed only with their long lashes, and they just snapped back and forth at each other viciously. At first they took off big patches of their clothes, and then peeled off the skin and flesh until their legs and bodies were all raw and bloody. Talk about a prize fight between two pugilists! That is nothing to a duel between two crackers with their long whips.

"Well, the lash of the jailer reminded me of the whip in the hands of the cowboy, only instead of one lash there were nine, and they crawled all over the body, winding around the sides and arms. The third and fourth blows intensified the pain, and made the agony terrible; but after the tenth lash the back becomes so numb that the pain is no greater. If you have received ten lashes you have experienced about all the pain you can, except that twenty lashes prolongs the time of the suffering and taxes the system to a greater degree. I've seen fellows faint before receiving their full number of lashes, some through fear and exhaustion, and others on purpose. It is a mighty nice thing to be able to faint at will, for the sentence is then suspended and you can get off with about half your

punishment. There are some hardened criminals here who have fainted so many times that the jailer is 'on to' their tricks, and when they come to themselves again they receive the balance of their punishment."

As the whipping-post is used to-day in Delaware it is very different from that employed by the early colonists in one respect at least. Only those found guilty of petty offenses are pilloried or whipped in the jail, while in old times people of the highest position and standing were publicly flogged, and the man who handled the lash was a man of power and quality. It was customary in those days to doff the hat to the jailer, or public flogger, and he stood next to the judge in public esteem. Every one feared him, however, more than respected him. There was the constant possibility before their minds that some day he might wield the lash across their shoulders and back, while some of the blue bloods remembered with disgrace how he had relentlessly applied the whip to them. The pillory and whipping-post were for the high and low then, and in some respects the richer and more influential citizens received the heaviest punishment. The jailer, fearful lest he should be charged with showing leniency toward those of high degree, would frequently go to the other extreme and lay on the lashes with unusual force.

Righteousness prevailed more generally in the little State in those days than at present, and the evils committed by high people of to-day would have been severely punished then in the pillory or at the whipping-post. In addition to the whipping certain criminals were compelled to wear the letter F (felon) so long as they remained in the State. This custom, however, has passed away, and after being whipped the prisoners are released until they commit some other crime. But it is rarely that the same prisoner appears twice, except some old hardened criminal who does not care about the public humiliation.

There are some interesting stories told about the old whipping-post here. There are very few descendants of the old families who can point back to a clean record of ancestors none of whom were not at some time publicly pilloried and whipped. The distinguished citizens of to-day manage to escape the lash either through the influence of money or political power, or by fleeing the State. Forgery was a crime that was punished severely by the old colonists, and lying was considered a crime to be punished by several lashes. A strange feature of the old administration of justice here was that a crime was considered more offensive, and deserving of greater punishment, when committed by citizens in high life and of respectable parentage. Just the reverse is nearer the truth to-day. It is the poor negro, the vagrant and the homeless wanderer who steals to keep his family from starving, who generally gets the most lashes, while the influential person escapes through some legal technicality.

"I can remember the time," said a prominent Wilmington citizen, "when the whipping-post was more of a public benefactor than to-day, and when it was almost impossible for even the son of the Governor to escape the pillory if found guilty of some misdemeanor. One instance in particular will be remembered where a judge who had sentenced hundreds of criminals to be whipped received twenty lashes. He was a stern, just and upright man, and he dispensed justice with all the ability of a modern jurist; but, like every other human mortal, he had his weaknesses. After a convivial feast with some boon companions one night he was found on the street rather more intoxicated than was well for his popularity. Before he reached home he got into a quarrel with some other prominent citizen, and the two had a set-to that landed them both in the jail. They were both publicly whipped for their offense, and the jailer laid the lash on so severely that the blood ran down their backs and clotted on the stock of the whip. The disgrace was felt so keenly by the judge that he resigned from the Bench and went West. He made a great name for himself in one of the Western towns, and I imagine even to-day he keeps from his friends the fact that he was publicly whipped in Delaware nearly thirty years ago.

"The worst part of the old system was that the women were pilloried and whipped just the same as the men, and some of the most beautiful and charming dames of Delaware in the early days received their punishment in the jail yard. Such an exhibition to-day would undoubtedly raise such general disgust and sympathy that the law would not be carried into effect.

"There was one notable case of a fair woman being whipped for stealing. It was before the days of kleptomania, or at least before this propensity to steal was recognized as a disease. The woman was the daughter of a wealthy planter in

Delaware, and she had everything that her heart could desire. She had slaves by the score to wait upon her, and carriages, dresses and money to satisfy the most fastidious. But she developed a tendency to steal small trifles from the stores where she shopped. She was caught in this act one day and arrested by the proprietor. As I said, there was no such thing as kleptomania recognized then, and the act was called plain stealing. The young woman fainted away when charged with the crime, and the father tried in every way possible to hush up the matter. But it was brought before the courts, and the judges refused to dismiss the case, although the storekeeper preferred to drop the charges.

"Well, that grief-stricken father offered three-quarters of his fortune to free his daughter from the disgrace, but the judges were unbending in their attitude, and the Governor refused to interfere. You talk about your Hester Prynne and the suffering she underwent! I think that poor girl and her father passed through more agony than any fictitious character of Hawthorne. The whipping, it is true, did not amount to very much. The lashes were laid on comparatively light; but the disgrace and humiliation counted for more than the physical pain. After the whipping the planter returned to his home and shut himself out from the world. No one was ever allowed to visit him, and his daughter stayed with him until his death. Then she remained on the plantation, living quietly with her servants, and always wearing a heavy veil when she appeared in public. She died an old maid before she was fifty, and, leaving no children or relatives, the place went into decay. The old plantation has been divided up into several smaller farms, but the old house where she lived out her disgrace is still visible."

In the summer season the whipping-post is called into use in Delaware more generally than in winter. This is because of the peach stealer or peach tramp. When the peaches are ripe on the peninsula the tramp, both black and white, flock to the orchards, and the grower has difficulty in saving enough of his fruit to ship North. The punishment for plucking peaches is a public whipping, and the farmers are on the alert to corral as many of these fellows as possible. During the peach season the weekly whippings are large, and the tramps get a taste of Delaware justice that they are not accustomed to meet in any of the other States.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

Wilmington, Del.

#### MONSTER SAUSAGES.

Once a custom existed among the butchers in some of the towns of Germany of carrying about a huge sausage, called an "insurance sausage," on New Year's Day. On these occasions great sport was had with the giant thing. In 1582 the butchers of Königsberg made one which was five hundred and sixty-seven yards long, or seventeen hundred and one feet, and which weighed four hundred and ninety-four pounds. Thirty-six hams were contained in it, to say nothing of the great quantities of other materials. On parade it was carried by ninety-six journeyman butchers, who supported it on wooden forks.

Eighteen years later the butchers of the same town constructed a much more gigantic sausage. Its enormously long folds and curves would have put the famed sea serpent to shame, for it stretched out to the length of one thousand and five yards, or three thousand and fifteen feet—which is over half a mile—and it weighed nearly half a ton. The pepper in it weighed eighteen pounds alone and hams enough were in it to feed a small army. On the first day of the year this colossal, snake-like thing was carried about the town with great solemnity. Bands of music accompanied it on its rounds, and after the marching the company ate the whole of it, assisted by the bakers, who had fashioned eight monster loaves of bread, each five yards long, for the feast. Also they had baked six prodigious cakes, which the butchers helped them to eat. Tradition sayeth not if these people had indigestion as a result of this feeding. Germans are stout, hearty eaters anyway.

P. V. M.

#### THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

The legend that caused the adoption of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland reminds one of the Roman tradition about the cackling of the geese that saved Rome when the worn-out sentry slept on watch. The goose was thereafter considered sacred. With the thistle the legend runs as follows:

Many hundred years ago the Danes, or Norsemen, made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. The Danes came upon the Scotch under cover of night and halted while their spies were trying to find the undefended points in their opponents' camp. But one of the spies chanced to step on a thistle with his bare



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feet as he was creeping along noiselessly in the dark and he cried out aloud with pain. His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scotch army. They sprang to their arms and drove back the Danes with great loss, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland.

The earliest mention of the thistle as the national badge of Scotland is in the inventory of James III. Thistles occur on the coins of James IV., Mary, James V. and VI., and on those of James VI. they are for the first time accompanied by the motto "Nemo me impune lacesset." A collar of thistles appears as early as 1539 on the gold bonnet-piece of James V.

The shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, is a leaf with three leaflets, or a plant having such leaves, sometimes supposed to be the wood-sorrel, but more generally believed to be some species of clover. It is not improbable that the name has a sort of general reference to trifoliate plants. It is said to have been first assumed as the badge of Ireland from the circumstance that St. Patrick made use of it to illustrate the doctrine of Trinity.

As one legend of myth or superstition begets many, the clover is looked for on St. John's Eve—the special religious festival of June observed on the 24th. There are various superstitions connected with this festival, one of which was especially believed by the Irish. They held that the souls of all people on that night leave their bodies and wander to the place, by land or sea, where they will eventually die. The whole human family have an element of superstition in their composition. From the earliest time it has been the rule with man to worship that which he could not comprehend.


HENRY GRANVILLE.

#### MORE MONEY FOR THE CITY COLLEGE.

That useless institution, the College of the City of New York, is still seeking and getting fresh concessions. It was but recently that a fortune was appropriated to procure for it a new site and now, in order to maintain its added dignity, it must needs have an added income. Mayor Strong recently gave a hearing on the bill authorizing the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to give to the college \$175,000 a year instead of \$150,000, the amount it has received for several years. Nobody opposed the bill and it was approved.

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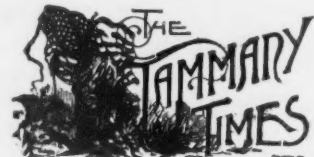
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